

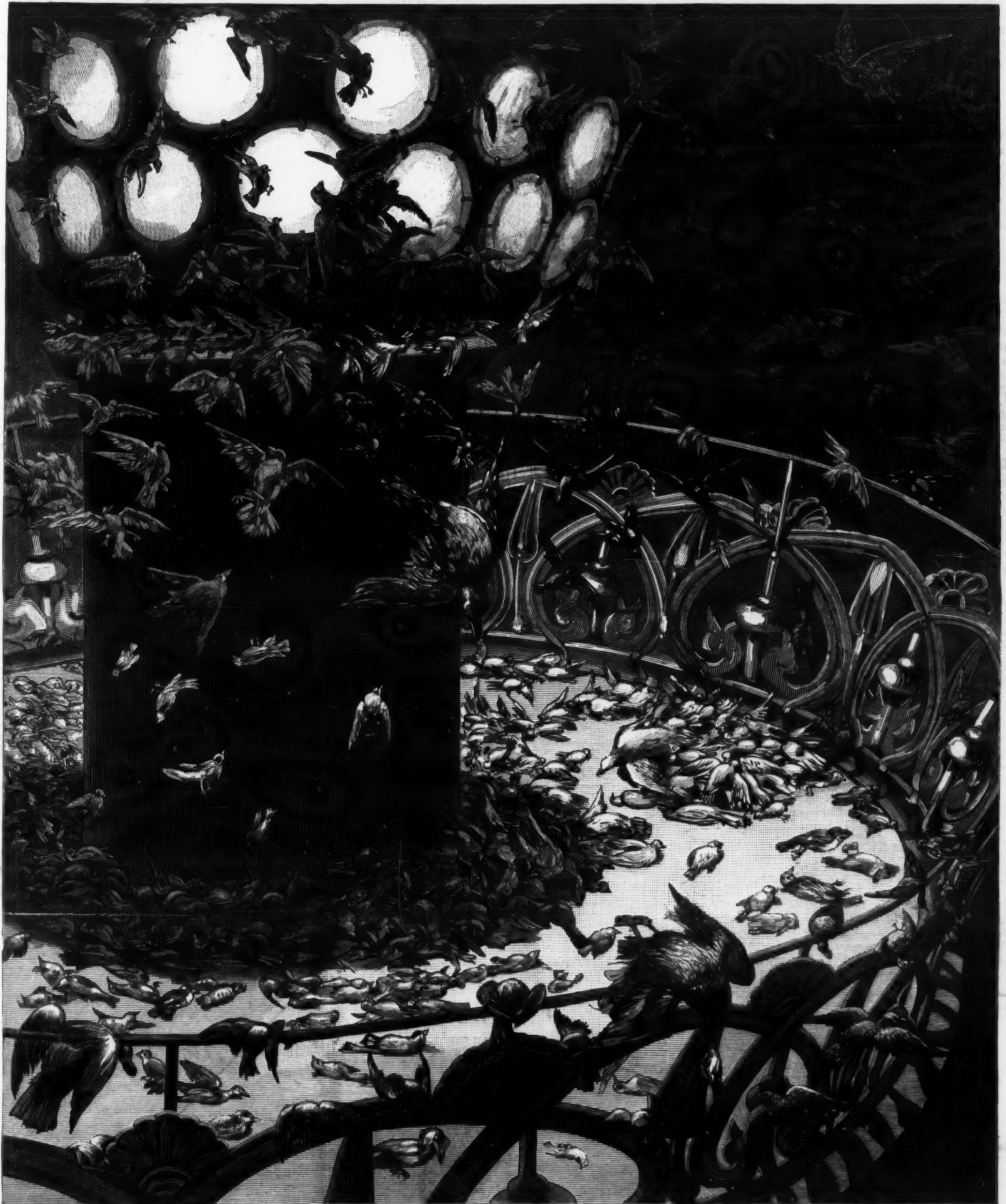
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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LIBERTY'S LIGHT A LURE TO DEATH.—THOUSANDS OF BIRDS BLINDED AND KILLED BY THE FLAME IN THE STATUE'S HAND—THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FIVE PERISH IN A SINGLE NIGHT.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 134.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

THE REGULATION OF IMMIGRATION.

COMPLAINTS and criticisms have been continued for several months concerning the management of matters relating to immigration at this port. It seems safe to say that immigrants have not been dealt with in a satisfactory way, and that the public have lost confidence in the existing system. The desire for a change was shown by the law which authorized the Governor to appoint a single Commissioner in the place of the six acting or nine nominal Commissioners, but this desire was thwarted by the unwarranted refusal of the State Senate to confirm General Sickles. At present, the Commissioners and other State authorities are at loggerheads with the Treasury Department at Washington over the extent of their authority, involving money payments and other grave matters, and there is no telling where these unseemly disputes will end.

The seat of the difficulty, we apprehend, lies back of all that relates to the *personnel* of the existing Commission. The subject of immigration properly belongs to the functions of the National Government. It is a national matter, that concerns not one State, but all the States and all the Territories. Who shall be admitted into the United States, what classes of more-or-less indigent foreigners and more-or-less vicious aliens, it is not for New York to say, but for the nation to say. This State cannot determine a matter which is properly for the determination of all the States. What class or kinds of immigrants Iowa or Dakota shall be peopled with, it is not rightly within the province of New York to decide. These views are in strict accord with the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, when the question of "head-money," or a State tax on immigrants, was before that tribunal. That highest court in the land unanimously held that a State could not impose a tax on immigration, because a State tax on incoming persons or property would be an interference with the constitutional right of the General Government "to regulate commerce." And as no State can impose a tax, however small, on immigrants, it would seem to follow, logically and inevitably, that other State laws or regulations restricting, or partially or wholly prohibiting, immigration, would be a like interference with that entire regulation of commerce which the Constitution places under the control of Congress.

But aside from the constitutional argument, which in itself is conclusive, it is manifestly best that the laws and regulations controlling immigration should be uniform at all the ports. At present, Massachusetts has one set of regulations, Maryland another, and New York another set. There is no uniformity and no agreement about anything. Indigent aliens are often rejected at one port and admitted at another. Slightly deranged persons have been sent back from this port and afterwards admitted without question at Philadelphia. This, of course, is all wrong, and gives not only all immigrants, but all foreigners, a low opinion of the administration of our laws.

All that relates to so important a subject as immigration should be under the control of the National Government. It is plainly the duty of Congress to take hold of this matter, and pass such laws as will cover the whole subject. Whatever is best and wisest in the laws and regulations of the different States could be incorporated into one general national Act to regulate foreign immigration into all the States. Officers appointed by the President or the Secretary of the Treasury should take the place of the various Commissioners and other agents now acting under State authority. As Congress has already assumed control of the immigration, or importation, of "coolies," through the Act known as the "Coolie Act," and has undertaken to regulate the influx of Chinese, there is every reason why the National Legislature should take full control of the admission of all aliens that are crowding upon our shores. Especially should the question of the admitting to entry of notorious Anarchists and Nihilists—human fiends whose mission is murder and whose intent is to kill—be seriously and at once considered.

THE NEW TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

THE most remarkable point in the alliance between Germany, Austria and Italy is the unmistakable testimony it bears to the growth and consolidation of Italy. There is nothing sentimental in Bismarck. If he has sought a closer union of the German policy with the Italian, it is because he has good reason to know that Italy is now to all intents and purposes a great and formidable Power, able to hold her own in the great struggle that is coming. To secure her active co-operation with Germany and Austria does not settle the result, but it adds immensely to the chances in favor of Central Europe against France and Russia. England must of necessity join the three Powers. Italy can give her the military strength she will need to hold Egypt and the

Canal; and her fleet will be able to render efficient help to Italy in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea.

To look upon the alliance as a guarantee for peace is to deceive oneself. It is, on the contrary, a clearing of the decks for action. The Powers know where they stand, and their alliances, whether open or tacit, have on both sides this element of honesty in them: they are based on interest. Germany threatens neither Italy nor Austria; Austria is enabled to turn to the account of the alliance the Hungarian hatred of Russia; and even though the wrestle should end, as so many others have ended, in a drawn battle, there will be a remodeling of the map, in which some advantage will fall to each of the combatants at the expense of the small nations.

It is an immoral result to look for, but it is none the less probable. The driving back of the Slavs into Asia, a task so easily accomplished by Spielhagen in a recent novel, will scarcely be done by any one else; and with forces so nearly matched, there will be no possibility of crushing any single Power. One feeble life stands between peace and war, and when that goes out the shock must come, not in Europe only, but wherever the leaders of civilization can bring their material forces and their intellectual gifts and their high moral qualities to bear for mutual destruction.

A WRONG RIGHTED.

THE vigorous protest made in these columns, two or three weeks since, against the manners and methods of Treasury officials connected with the customs service at this port, has not been fruitless. Not only has the Press of the country taken up the subject with renewed interest and emphasis, but the Government itself has given its attention to the correction of existing abuses and the improvement of the service. The facts attending the case of the proprietor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER: the unwarranted seizure of some of her effects, and the re-examination of her trunks, to gratify the personal spleen of an official, after they had been once examined and passed, are within the recollection of the reader. Among the effects so seized were photographs presented to her by Lord Ronald Gower on her recent visit to Stafford House, and designed for reproduction in her publications, and, therefore, non-dutiable. Articles of dress of much value were practically ruined by the rough handling they received, and other articles were, either through negligence or malice, left upon the dock, exposed to thieves, after the trunks had been repacked. The outrage was so flagrant that it found no defenders outside of the persons who perpetrated it. Upon the presentation of the facts to the Treasury Department, the Collector of the Port, who throughout manifested a praiseworthy purpose to see that exact justice was done, made a thorough examination into the case, and the result is told in the following correspondence:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF SECRETARY,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 28th.

"Mrs. Frank Leslie: "MADAM: Referring to your letter of the 10th instant, addressed to Mr. E. B. YOUNG, Chief Clerk of this Department, relative to the exaction of duty by the inspector of customs on certain photographs and remnant of poplin found among your personal effects on the occasion of your recent arrival from Europe, I have to state that the matter has been investigated, and that instructions have been this day forwarded to the Collector at New York, directing a refund to you of the duties erroneously exacted. It is a matter of regret to the Department that you had any cause for complaint in the premises. Respectfully, yours,
"I. H. MAYNARD, Assistant Secretary."

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, Sept. 29th.
"Collector of Customs, New York:

"SIR: The Department is in receipt of your letter of the 24th inst., reporting on the complaint of Mrs. Frank Leslie as to the outrageous treatment of herself and party by Customs officials on her arrival at your port as a passenger per the steamer *City of Rome* on the 9th inst.

"The Department concurs with you in the opinion that the remnant of poplin (six yards) and photographs found in her baggage were improperly subjected to duty, and you are authorized to refund the duty levied thereon. The action of the officers in connection with the re-examination of the baggage of Mrs. Leslie, as stated by her, appears entirely unjustifiable, and may properly be taken into consideration by you and by the Department in determining whether they should be further continued in the public service. Respectfully, yours,
"I. H. MAYNARD, Assistant Secretary."

Simultaneously with this action of the Treasury Department, the inspectress who was believed to have been the instigator of the outrage was dismissed from the service. It must be understood, however, that this was not at the instance of the person outraged (who believed a rebuke would be sufficient punishment), but, as we are informed, in obedience to a conviction that the inspectress was unfit for the position she occupied.

This complete vindication of Mrs. Frank Leslie is, of course, a matter of genuine personal satisfaction, and she appreciates fully the congratulations she has received at the hands of the Press. But she was not governed by mere personal considerations in her protest against the character of the inspection service. She simply used the wrong done to her as the basis of a demand for a reform of that service in the interest of the entire tourist public. She meant, if she could, to awaken public attention, as well as to compel official attention, to the evils of a system which has been a national reproach, and her supreme satisfaction in the outcome of the matter is that she has succeeded in doing both. The many letters she has received from all parts of the country approving her action sufficiently attest the popular awakening, and the prompt action of the Government leaves no room for doubt as to its realization of the necessity of a reform of this branch of the public service. From a multitude

of Press references to the result herein stated, we select the following sample paragraphs:

The Boston Post.

"That determined champion of her personal rights, Mrs. Frank Leslie, has won her case against the presuming Custom-house inspectors in New York who ordered her luggage to be examined a second time, and who not only imposed a duty upon a few photographs and a remnant of dress goods which they found there, but also ruined some Paris bonnets by careless handling. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury has decided that the duties were 'erroneously exacted,' and has ordered the money refunded. Mr. Maynard further characterizes the conduct of the inspectors as 'outrageous,' and significantly suggests to the Collector that their action 'may properly be taken into consideration by you and by the Department in determining whether they should be further continued in the public service.' The many travelers who have suffered from official rudeness in the past, particularly at the hands of the New York Customs inspectors, will heartily concur with the suggestion."

The Troy Times.

"Mrs. Frank Leslie wins a signal victory over the Custom-house cohorts of Collector Magone. Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Maynard decides that the exaction of duty on certain articles brought by her from abroad to New York was unlawful, and he apologizes to her very handsomely and condemns her treatment by the Custom-house authorities as outrageous. The money paid as duty has been refunded, and the over-zealous woman inspector who exacted it has been superseded and recommended for dismissal."

THE LATEST RESULTS OF HIGH LICENSE.

THE High License Law in Minnesota, to which we referred at the time of its enactment, has now been in operation for three months, and the *St. Paul Pioneer Press* publishes a careful survey of its practical results, in every part of the State save St. Paul, and a few villages where the law does not take effect until January 1st. These results coincide with those which have followed the enactment of a High License Law in other States. Saloon-keepers have found that the new law was not to be trifled with, and Sunday selling, selling to minors and habitual drunkards and late closing, are reported as steadily decreasing. An improvement in public order is apparent, and there is less work for the police courts. These are not mere generalities, but conclusions based upon statistics. In round numbers, of 1,650 saloons which were open under the old license system, 550 have been closed by the new law, which imposes a license fee of \$1,000 in all cities with a population of 10,000 or more, and \$500 in smaller cities and towns. "In Minneapolis the saloons have decreased in number from 334 to 227; in Duluth, from 116 to 64; in Stillwater, from 42 to 32; and in Winona, from 93 to 23. Generally speaking, the saloons driven out of existence were small ones, and many of them hard places."

Now the saloon is a means of public education as well as the schoolhouse. The multiplication of saloons means increased facilities for the formation of certain personal habits and certain modes of thought and speech, which invite not only the demoralization of the individual but also the lowering of the moral tone of the community, all manner of uncleanness in politics and the progress of a dry rot which threatens the very principles of our institutions. We think it will be conceded that the education of the schoolhouse is preferable to the education of the saloon. An increase in the number of schoolhouses is desirable, an increase in the number of saloons is not. The High License Law not only decreases the number of saloons, but also increases the facilities for useful education. In Minnesota, while the number of saloons has been diminished by one-third, the revenue derived from them by the public has been increased one-third. This money has enabled cities to build new schoolhouses where they were needed, to erect other public buildings, to grade streets, to protect themselves against fire by the purchase of engines, to pay the interest on their bonds and to diminish their taxes. These, again, are facts derived from an impartial investigation. It is not necessary to extol the picture thus presented.

In view of all the testimony accumulated on the subject, it seems to us that every reasonable citizen should demand of local candidates for the Assembly, at the approaching election, that they shall vote in favor of High License. We do not believe that the rum-sellers, Prohibitionists, and politicians of the baser sort, can prevail against a clearly expressed, general public sentiment. There was failure last Winter, but every report like that from Minnesota brings political destruction nearer to demagogues who offer sophistries in place of temperance reform, or who pretend to virtue for the sake of party capital while secretly intriguing with the liquor interest.

A WESTERN MONARCH.

THAT Dom Pedro of Brazil, the most democratic, the most learned and philanthropic of modern sovereigns, should go into mental and physical decline, is a sad misfortune for the human race. Above all the rulers of the time, he has exhibited breadth of mind—the traveler-instinct carrying him to all accessible countries of the earth—a hearty and profound interest in science, and he is more than Humboldt was, a master of the physical geography of South America, where his empire has flourished as never before under other crown.

Among royal personages Dom Pedro stands alone. Both his character and attainments are unique and rare. Every footstep of his life has been one of exalted purpose, of theoretical and practical self-denial—the onward march of the true-hearted philosopher seeking the betterment of his subjects. Few men born either to low or high station will stand the crucial tests that can be applied to the career and character of this man, who, had he chosen, could have had a continent for his empire, two oceans for his marine boundaries, and have been one of the conquerors of history. But conquest and territorial ambition were not a part of his make-up, and happily for monarchical example, have not perverted an honest and simple

nature. His life and acquirements present a study. His career would have whetted the pen of Gibbon, as his marvelous reign in the Western tropics may well astonish the political economist. Peter the Great was a dock-hand by choice, and Lincoln a rail-splitter by occupation, but in many respects the biographer of Dom Pedro must tell a story of deeds and qualities not less picturesque than those which mark the lives of these two conspicuous molders of modern events.

As a traveler he has exhibited the genial character of Goldsmith with his violin, and as an observer some of the salient and shrewd characteristics of Voltaire and Thackeray. The writer well remembers meeting Dom Pedro on the Nile, at Vienna and in New York; and his life at each place was one of modesty and unostentation. At the Pyramids he met a party of young American girls on their tourist-schooling abroad, and with them entered into the rather fatiguing experience of climbing Cheops—the loftiest of the Egyptian ruins—although then beyond middle life. At the base of the Great Tomb he did not permit them to go back to Cairo without a written souvenir and a kiss to each. At Vienna he lived as a private gentleman, and his quiet way and manner so enraged the haughty House of Hapsburg, that a court indignation meeting was held, in which it was resolved to snub the scion of the proudest of the reigning families of the Old World. But Dom Pedro maintained his equipoise, and triumphed in the end. Perhaps one of his most notable experiences was when he landed at Alexandria. At this Egyptian port there was a Brazilian Consul—a Copt of great wealth, who had purchased a piece of statuary, before which to rehearse his speech of welcome of the Emperor. The story came to the ears of the monarch, who drove at once to the Consulate in a rage, his diplomat breaking down in the act of repeating his lesson, and being dismissed for his artifice on the spot. More amusing than this incident was his appearance in New York on the balcony of the Fifth Avenue Hotel to respond to a serenade, when a small boy, in true metropolitan lingo, piped, "Pull down your vest!" which Dom Pedro, with many vigorous tugs at the base of the said garment, proceeded to do, much to the hilarity of the throng below.

In every respect the reign of this enlightened sovereign, has been one of the most signal events of the Western World since Columbus first saw its shores in 1492.

THE BALTIMORE REFORM MOVEMENT.

THE fight for honest elections in Baltimore goes on vigorously, and the Gorman ring has received another severe blow by the resignation of W. Renton Crisp, President of the Democratic City Convention, which he declares has become a mere machine for registering the decrees of a few unscrupulous persons. Mr. Crisp has ranged himself side by side with John K. Cowen, who has led the Independent Democrats to the support of the Republican ticket. Up to 1884 little was heard of Independent Democrats in Maryland, since the party was in opposition, and yet there were Democratic members of the Reform Association which began in 1875 a task whose magnitude has not been realized. For the ring government of Baltimore deserves to be classed with the shameless acts of the New York Tweed ring, the outrages of the carpetbaggers in Louisiana, and the performances of the Mahone ring in Virginia. Ring candidates who were thugs, ex-convicts and thieves have been placed in office by the brutally simple methods of disfranchising honest men, of hiring repeaters to vote on the names of dead men, of stuffing ballot-boxes and falsifying returns. It is a fact, incredible as it may seem, that there has been no government by the people in Baltimore for some years. The rottenness of the pretended supervision of elections is shown by the fact that the Reform Association has sent ten judges and clerks of election to the penitentiary. The defiant attitude of the Gorman despotism is illustrated in the continuance of its peculiar methods. Its preparations for the approaching election have involved plans for adding 500 bogus names to the registration list in one ward alone, and for arbitrarily striking from the lists the names of 5,000 colored voters. It would be a rare privilege to visit a penitentiary peopled by members of the Gorman ring, from the leader down.

The Baltimore revolt against ring rule is an encouraging illustration of a willingness to surrender party to principle, which is needed everywhere as a check upon the plottings of hack politicians. The Citizens' Reform League, the Independent Democrats, and the Democratic Crescent Club, have joined forces to oppose longer government of Baltimore and Maryland by criminals. It is unworthy to seek to make political capital out of such an uprising. As the Baltimore Independents truly say, while there are Democrats in Baltimore there is no Democratic party, but the name and party organization have been usurped by a gang of ballot-thieves. The address of these Independents may be commended to members of both parties as an example of fearless advocacy of political purity. Many things in this address coincide with various reform utterances of President Cleveland, but, unfortunately, in Maryland the National Administration appears to be affiliated with the Gorman ring rather than with reform. It is impossible to understand why President Cleveland, who has done so well elsewhere, should have handed the Federal patronage over to Gorman and loaded himself with the burden of Higgins, Rasin and Morris Thomas. This course has strengthened the ring, and has put the President on record in Maryland as hostile to reform. It may yet cost him the vote of the State. But, as we have said, the hand-to-hand fight with fraud which the reformers are now carrying on to secure an honest election is not of a partisan character. "The purity of the ballot is the foundation-stone of the Republic, and he or they who summon the ballot-thief to control an election, whether it be for a Democrat in Baltimore or a Republican in Philadelphia, should be smitten at the polls by every honest voter."

THE CONDITION OF UTAH.

THE Mormon organization, according to the last report of the Commissioners, presents as compact and solid a front as the ancient Macedonian Phalanx, or the gamblers' ring in Chicago. Since 1880 the population of Utah has grown from 120,000 to 200,000, of whom 145,000 are Mormons, and the non-Mormons are 55,000. But there is also a Mormon population in the adjoining Territories of Utah—Idaho, Arizona, Wyoming and New Mexico—sufficient to make a total Mormon population of 162,385. The titheings of the Church for 1880 were \$540,000. The non-Mormon element is making good progress, and now owns about one-third of the assessed property of the Territory.

Since the passage of the Edmunds Law, in 1882, 541 persons have been indicted for unlawful cohabitation, and 289 of these were convicted. Only 14 were convicted of polygamy, owing to the fact that all Church marriages are secretly celebrated, and are therefore difficult of proof.

The monogamous wing of the Mormons are heading a cunning movement towards Statehood, by adopting a Constitution which condemns polygamy and polyandry. The non-Mormons refused to

vote upon it. The monogamous Mormons cast 13,195 votes for it, and the 500 votes cast against it may perhaps have been cast for consistency's sake by the polygamous Mormons. The whole device is like the trees that were cut in Birnam Wood to cover Macduff's advancing forces. Under the green cover of monogamous pretenses the whole Mormon host will ask to be allowed to march into the Union and assume a position of legal equality with the other States. When this is done, Federal action against polygamy will be no longer possible, without perhaps as great an eruption as attended the fall of slavery.

In combating this Mormon cancer of lechery, it is necessary to bear in mind that one of the great proselyting forces at work is the readiness of the Mormon elders to rescue the dregs and slums of European cities from extreme poverty and to offer them a career of steady material comfort—fair habitations, plenty of food, good air, warm clothing, and an easy physical life. The inculcation of a sexual materialism and sensualism is part of a general system which makes worldly thrift and sensual pleasure the direct and supreme object of the Church's co-operative efforts. But in the co-operative efforts which are in this manner induced the standard of material comfort of the converts is greatly advanced over what they could have expected had they remained in their earlier homes or haunts. It is this material advancement which rivets the Mormon Church into so close and compact a corporation.

The amount of force expended in maintaining the system of Church government, which is almost the only actual social government the Mormons have yet been compelled effectively to recognize, may be seen from the large number of persons employed wholly or partially in the work of governing. There are three first presidents, 11 apostles, 65 patriarchs, 6,444 seventies, 3,723 high priests, 13,411 elders, 2,423 priests, 2,497 teachers, 1,854 deacons, 81,283 members, and 46,639 children under eight years of age. It is a most significant indication of the material prosperity of the concern, that, instead of looking upon its very large crop of children as a burden, the managers take pains to induce the bringing into the Territory of as many very young children from abroad as they can get under their permanent control.

The President's visit to the West has not been altogether fruitless. Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, who has been cool as to the second-term proposition, is now enthusiastic in its support, and declares that Mr. Cleveland will have no opposition in the National Convention of next year. Doubtless we shall hear of other notable conversions as the President continues his pilgrimage.

A STREET-CAR propelled by an electric motor driven by storage batteries beneath the seats is to be put to the test of actual service in Boston. The merits and capabilities of this mode of propulsion have already been established, and it is claimed that its safety and economy have been demonstrated. The world is entering upon a new era in the development and application of power. The next half-century may, probably will be, an age of steam, but the power which it furnishes will be distributed and applied by new methods. If electricity stored up in batteries can be used as a motor, what is to prevent the batteries from being charged where coal is cheapest, or where great water-powers can be utilized? The dream that the Niagara River may yet propel cars on the streets of New York, or even haul trains across the continent, may not be a wild one, after all.

It is proposed to raise a monument in the town of Natick, Mass., to the memory of Henry Wilson, who resided there the greater part of his life. It is strange that this has not been done before. Mr. Wilson was one of the most skillful, as he was one of the most successful, politicians of his day. And he was a politician on a high plane, inconsistent sometimes in his alliances, often apparently insincere, but he never lost sight of the great cause he served, or sacrificed to personal ambition or the desire for party success. He had a wonderful popularity and an inborn force of character and executive talent, that enabled him first to surmount the obstacles which arose from his humble origin and early lack of advantages, and finally to become a great power in the nation. It is unfortunate that there are not more Henry Wilsons in public life.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions has finally settled the question of probation after death, which has lately agitated religious circles. At the meeting of the Board at Springfield, Mass., last week, the report of the Prudential Committee, declaring against the expediency of calling councils to determine the doctrinal views of missionary candidates, was adopted by a vote of 110 to 19. A subsequent motion to investigate the methods of the Committee was voted down almost unanimously after earnest debate. This action leaves the duty of commissioning missionaries in the hands of the Prudential Committee, as at present, and as that committee is opposed to the so-called Andover heresy, the Congregational Church may be considered as holding to the old standards of faith, and as unwilling to permit the teaching of any doctrine which would, as it is phrased, "cut the sinews of missions." The decision will, we believe, be generally regarded as in accordance with the highest moral considerations.

THE Commissioner of Health of Chicago, who has been charged with the duty of devising some means of ridding that city of the smoke nuisance, thinks the problem may be solved by the substitution of petroleum for coal as a fuel for manufacturing purposes. Experiment has already proved its practicability and economy, but the present product of petroleum is sufficient to supply only a very small fraction of the demand for fuel. How much that product might be increased it is impossible to foretell. The newly opened fields of Northwestern Ohio and Indiana may yet prove more prolific than the older ones of Pennsylvania, and since the latest discovery has been made in a rock that geologists did not previously suspect to contain a particle of oil, there may be new fields not yet found that surpass any now known. In any event the use of petroleum as fuel will increase from year to year, although we do not anticipate at present any reduction in the consumption of coal.

SOME friends of Speaker Carlisle quote the latter as saying that if he is re-elected he will make the Hon. S. S. Cox Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. We do not know whether our genial Representative from this city aspires to that responsible position or not, nor shall we at this time have anything to say about his special qualification for the place. We venture to warn him, however, that while it is a post of honor, it is also a post of danger. No Democrat who has held it since the war has won either fame or popularity in it. Fernando Wood, probably the best qualified of them, failed to get through the House either of his carefully prepared tariff Bills, and Mr. Morrison found his place one of constant and unappreciated work. It is doubtful if it is possible to frame a tariff Bill that will be satisfactory to both Houses of Congress as

they are at present constituted, or one that will be satisfactory to the country as a whole, and the man who makes an unsuccessful one will get only abuse for his labor.

THE election to take place in the Second Congressional District of Rhode Island, next month, may be of paramount national importance. Leaving out Rhode Island, the majorities in the State delegations in the House of Representatives are equally divided, so that, if there should be no election of President by the people, next year, and it should devolve upon the House to make the choice, Rhode Island would have the determining vote. But that little State has only two Representatives, one of whom, a Republican, was elected last November. In the Second District there were three candidates, one a Prohibitionist, and although the Democratic candidate had a plurality of the votes cast, he did not have a majority. If a Democrat should be elected next month, the Rhode Island delegation, being equally divided, would have no vote in choosing a President, and the House would probably fail to make a choice. If the Republican candidate should be successful, then the Republicans would control a majority of the State delegations in the House, and would elect the President. The votes of the Second Rhode Island District may, therefore, indirectly name the next President of the United States.

SPEAKING of the prevailing feeling on the subject of woman suffrage in Great Britain, an English writer has recently said that the general agreement to it in that country "is rather a sulky acquiescence in the inevitable than an enthusiasm for the removal of a grave injustice." In the United States we have not advanced to the point where we are ready to give the ballot to women either in a sulky or cheerful spirit, but we have progressed further than our English cousins in granting to women property rights, protecting them from the abuse of brutal husbands, and in opening to them new fields of employment and self-support. And now the President has rewarded one of the fairest and most talented of the advocates of woman suffrage, Miss Phoebe Couzens, for her support of him in the last national campaign, by appointing her United Marshal in Missouri. We have no doubt that she will fill the position acceptably. In education and ability she is superior to a majority of her fellow United States Marshals, and her legal training and experience are certainly no disqualification.

THE newspapers are poking fun at the President because his Western speeches smack of the encyclopedia—some of their statistical passages, indeed, being cribbed almost bodily from the work which Mr. Dana so ably edits. But what would the critics have? It may seem a little odd that the President of the United States, in addressing the people of any city which extends him a welcome, should repeat to them the facts of local history with which they are all familiar, but if he thinks that the right thing to do, it is certainly to his credit that he should look for his facts in so trustworthy a quarter as that which he seems to have ransacked in preparing for his Indianapolis, Terre Haute, St. Louis and Chicago speeches. That he should have done so is, it seems to us, both an evidence of good taste and a compliment to Mr. Dana of the very highest sort. It is to be remembered that Mr. Cleveland has not been given to literary studies, and that from one cause and another his knowledge of American history has not been as thorough as that of a great many other people. It strikes us as altogether cruel to deny to him the same privilege of "cramming" which would be accorded to any other man of ordinary attainments.

THE letter addressed by Mr. Oberly, Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, to the Illinois Democratic Association, made up of office-holders in the Washington departments, declining an invitation to address them, and notifying them that he considers their organization in itself an offense against the Civil Service Law, has made a considerable stir in political circles. It is claimed that the strict application of the principle laid down by Mr. Oberly would affect many leading Government officials who are members of State political organizations, and this is probably true. But Mr. Oberly is right when he says that "the Democrats should practice in power what they preached when out of power." If they shall persist in organizing the officers, clerks, and other employees of the departments, into State associations, the purposes of which are partisan, and employ the money collected for partisan purposes and for the promotion of political objects, all of which practices the Civil Service Law denounces as unlawful, then they should abandon their professions of sympathy with the principle of reform, and no longer insult the public intelligence by pretending to be what they are not.

NEW YORKERS and visitors to the metropolis have not been slow to appreciate the fact that in the new picture-gallery opened at the Eden Musée by the New York Society for the Promotion of Art a very important addition has been made to the facilities already afforded them here for the study and enjoyment of the works of celebrated painters. This gallery, which would have been notable as an independent enterprise, is still more so as a supplement to the well-known attractions of the Musée, some of whose principal stockholders are members of the new Society. It occupies the third or top floor of the elegant building on Twenty-third Street, and is open to the patrons of the establishment at all hours, including evenings and Sundays. In this latter respect it possesses an advantage over every other public art gallery in New York; and how much such an advantage means, may be judged from the fact that on the first Sunday of this month—the day after its opening—it had no less than 5,000 visitors. Moreover, it is independent of personal and other outside influences, and aims to present a thoroughly catholic representation of the various schools and nationalities, the sole indispensable condition of acceptance being unquestioned artistic merit. The committee upon whose judgments the periodical changes and selections will be made assure us that their predilection will incline towards American artists, particularly of the younger school. The opening exhibition, of paintings loaned, hired, or owned by the association, is worthy of the high aims and promises of its directors. Giron's famous "Deux Sœurs," from the Paris Salon of 1883, and Dawant's "Departure of Emigrants from Havre," from this year's Salon, are two works, either of which would be sufficient to confer distinction upon a collection. There are also Grolleron's Dédaille-like transcript of military life, "La Popette," Giron's "Portrait of a Parisienne," and Gustav Gaul's original portrait of Richard Wagner, amongst the notable foreign pictures. The American landscape-painters are represented by good examples of Cropsey, Minor, Bolton Jones, and others; and Joseph Keppler contributes his original water-color studies, from life, of the President and Mrs. Cleveland, with their autographs affixed. In furnishing a refined and instructive place of resort for the people on Sundays, now that the outdoor season is nearing its end, the new gallery sets a good example which others might follow with profit, from an ethical if not from a pecuniary point of view.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 134.



ARGENTINE REPUBLIC.—A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK AT BUENOS AYRES.



ENGLAND.—A ROYAL BREAKFAST PARTY IN THE GARDENS OF OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.



FRANCE.—MILITARY DISPATCH-DOGS AT THE MANŒUVRES OF THE 9TH ARMY CORPS.



DENMARK.—DEDICATION SERVICE IN THE NEW ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN.



SAMOA.—NATIVE HOSPITALITY TO EUROPEAN VISITORS.



BULGARIA.—ANTI-RUSSIAN DEMONSTRATION IN FRONT OF PRINCE FERDINAND'S PALACE AT SOFIA.



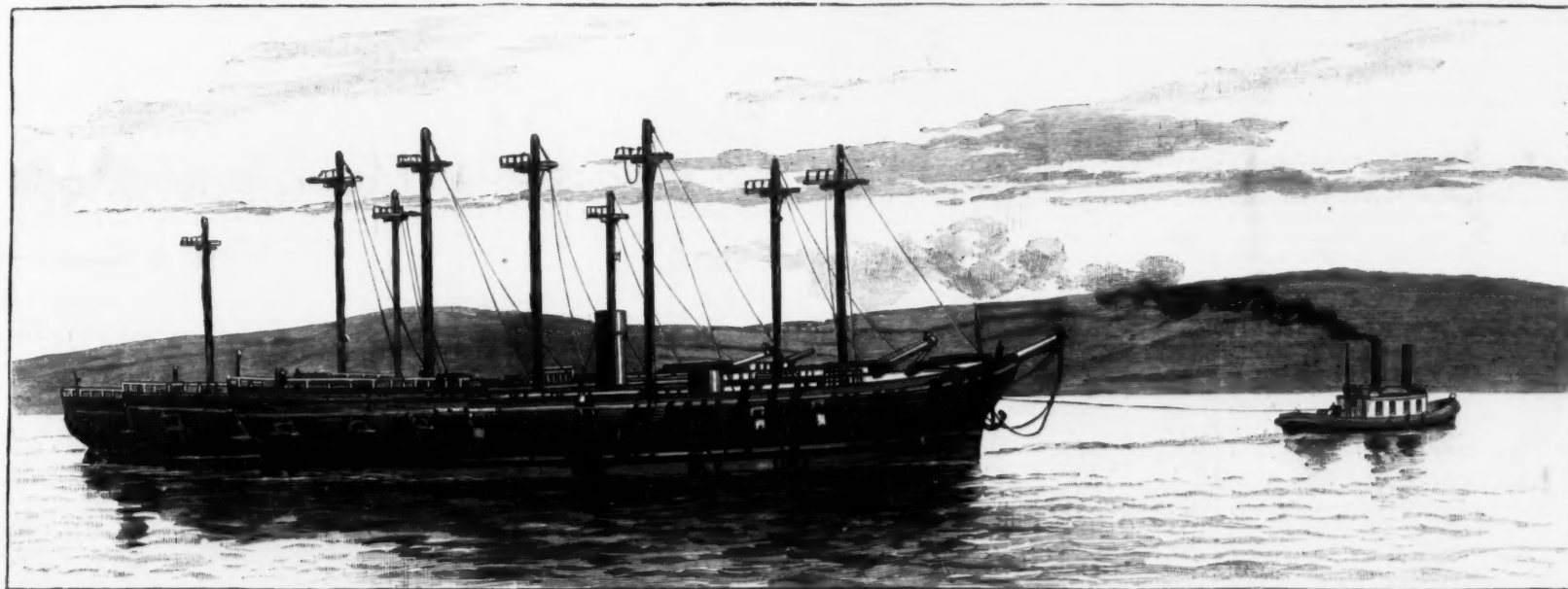
MISSOURI.—THE TRADES PAGEANT IN ST. LOUIS, SEPTEMBER 29TH—VIEW OF THE PROCESSION, SHOWING THE NAVAL FLOAT, THE OLD "HARTFORD."
FROM A SKETCH BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 135.



GEORGIA.—PROPOSED MONUMENT TO SERGEANT JASPER, IN SAVANNAH.—SEE PAGE 134.



MASSACHUSETTS.—RECEPTION OF THE "VOLUNTEER" ON HER ARRIVAL AT MARBLEHEAD, OCTOBER 7TH—SALUTING THE VICTORIOUS YACHT.—SEE PAGE 135.



CALIFORNIA.—THE HULKS OF THE U. S. SLOOPS-OF-WAR "LACKAWANNA," "SHENANDOAH" AND "WACHUSETT," RECENTLY SOLD AT AUCTION, BEING TOWED FROM THE MARINE ISLAND NAVY YARD.
FROM A PHOTO. BY F. H. ELDRIDGE.—SEE PAGE 134.

OVER THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

OVER the Blue Ridge Mountains,
In a net of far-off skies,
The golden stars are gleaming
Like a swarm of fire-flies.

The moon like a ship is anchored,
Full-rigged in a sea of light,
And the clouds sail by her swiftly
Into the harbor of Night.

And my thoughts run into music,
Rhyming themselves to words,
As quickly as Echo catches
And answers the call of birds.

And over the Blue Ridge Mountains
I send you a thought, dear love,
As tender and true and faithful
As the heart of the cooing dove.

If you were a tall fir, darling,
Standing on yonder height,
And should beckon with one of your
branches—
Beckon to me to-night—

I would fly like a bird to greet you;
I would nestle in your green boughs,
And the moon and the stars and the
mountains
Would listen to tender vows.

Over the Blue Ridge Mountains,
If you should come riding now,
Like one of the old Crusaders,
With helmet and plumed brow,

I would place my foot on your stirrup,
You would lift me up to your heart,
And over the Blue Ridge Mountains
We would ride, never more to part.
"PEARL RIVERS."

ACROSS THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE.

BY ANNIE WEST.

"Out beyond the hills that bound you
Deeds are done and thoughts are
thought—

Such a battle rages round you,
But it vexes you in naught;
Evening air a-scent with clover,
And the past smoke softly curled
Up the dark hillside and over—
This is all your little world!"

OLD BEN DERRICK'S cabin lay at the foot of
Wild Cat Mountain. It was an hour or two
before sunset, and a woman was climbing
the bald mountain-side.

When Mrs. Derrick caught the gleam of a white
face and red shawl against the background of
gray boulders, she said, standing before her door-
way: "That's that hotel boarder."

Thereupon a dark, athletic-formed, well-dressed
man, followed by a boorish girl, stepped from the
door into the yard.

"Don't tell me that woman is half dead with
consumption," continued Mrs. Derrick, following
the figure on the dark hill with her eyes. "Why,
she can out-trap that fool Englishman down at
Cordoban Ranch. And what is it all fur? Stands
to reason that the Englishman may go after deer,
turkeys and ducks, but she is climbin' rocks and
wearin' out shoe-leather jess to gape at nothin'."

The dark-faced man had put up a field-glass,
and through it had kept his eyes steadily fixed on
the woman with the red shawl.

The girl, Molly Derrick, was gazing, too, with
something like animation in her stupid face, till,
set upon by her shrewish mother, she was forced
to leave off and bring fagots to cook the supper.

When Molly had finished piling up sticks and
cedar chips, she lingered about the dark-faced
man, and presently asked:

"What do she 'pear to be doin' now, Joe?"

"Sitting on a rock by the cross, with a hand-
kerchief to her mouth," answered Joe, in English,
which had a marked Spanish accent.

"Humph! I know what that means."

"What?" said Joe, still not turning from the
spyglass.

"Spittin' up blood," said Molly, "and lookin'
off thar at the Devil's Backbone."

Ah, yes, there to the south it stretched, white
and tortuous, winding skyward, away to the misty
hilly horizon. It lay between the watching woman
on the mountain and what a past! Possibly.
One day the stage coming from the south, across
Devil's Backbone, dropped a strange woman at
Winter's—the one buggy stopping-place for travel-
ers benighted on a wild road. Thenceforth that
woman, with her vagaries, became the nucleus of
much gossip floating among the charcoal-burners,
who tenanted the picket-huts squatting under the
cedar-clad hills and along the Cañon San Grego-
rio.

Dim night settled on the hills; Mrs. Derrick's
camp-fire reflected a broad, warm glory. The
cabin lay in the precincts of it, as did the clumps
of cedars that were now exhaling odorous balms
on the night-air; presently the woman with the
red shawl glided into the circle of radiance. She
had come down from the mountain-height with
limbs chill and lagging. Not waiting for an in-
vitation, she moved wearily towards the fire. Mrs.
Derrick roughly shoved at the intruder a pine
box for a seat, then went on stooping above a fry-
ing-pan and scolding Molly. The latter, leaving
off all culinary co-operation, was fixed with her
strabismic gaze now on the stranger's rich petti-
coats torn by chaparral and dragged with dew,
and now on the wearer's white face, moody and
saturine.

The bright shawl fell from the woman's shoul-
ders; stooping carelessly forward, a dark-cased,
slender figure, she sat with thin fingers clasped,
and gaunt, haughty young eyes glowering hither
and thither. Presently those restless eyes fell on
Indian Joe, squatting on the grass against a cedar,
and he trembled so violently before that boldly
searching, insolently beautiful gaze, he needed to
put down the tin cup from his hand lest he should

have spilt the pint of hot coffee on a Derrick brat
that sprawled at his feet.

Mrs. Derrick disapproved no little of this fine
stranger, and, half an hour later, when the guest,
refreshed by Derrick's venison and goat's milk,
had walked away into the bushes and darkness,
nonchalantly as she came, Mrs. Derrick fell to
abusing her with malice worthy the ingenuity of a
more civilized sister. "Calls herself Miss Lucia
World! How's anybody to know if that is her
shore-nuff name?" For her part, Mrs. Derrick
believed darkly in an *alias* connected with the
case.

After Mrs. Derrick had retired in her cabin for
the night, she heard a voice, that she recognized
as Bobby Winter's, talking, in an unmistakable
tone of excitement, with Indian Joe, outside by
the camp-fire.

Sensations were rare in these bucolic regions.
Rumors came indeed, often, of robbery and mur-
der, corpses and teams tumbled into the gorges
from the steep cliffs of the Devil's Backbone—
but that was comparatively far off. This was bet-
ter, this was a nearer horror—so Mrs. Derrick
hoped. She caught a fragment of Bobby's story:
"Pa can't do nothin'; jess chaws tobacco and
spits hard as he can, fur all the world he did
when Billy got snake-bit. She said you could do
something. Ma ain't got time."

"No," thought Mrs. Derrick, in a mental aside,
"if all creation was afire yer ma would go on
washing dishes and gettin' ready for stoppers." But
the voices were gone. Mrs. Derrick hurriedly
awakened old Derrick, who being already
endued with all the clothes he possessed, had only
to rub his eyes and rush out after the vanishing
Bobby and Indian Joe. Mrs. Derrick would fain
have followed had not her lord left behind him an
oath and admonition effective in deterring her.

"Who is she?" Mrs. Derrick wonderingly asked
herself. "Bet it's that Lucia World. How did
she know *what* Joe could do, and never set eyes
on him till to-night?"

When Indian Joe crossed the threshold at Win-
ter's, he was again seized with a violent tremor.
On the long board counter of the store, or bar-
room, within, lay the gory figure of a young man.
Dews of suffering lay on the face, beautiful as
Byron's, and beside it sat Lucia World. Indian
Joe put aside his weakness quickly as it had
sprung, walked forward, found that there was a
broken arm to be set, threaded a needle and pro-
ceeded to sew up a ghastly cut which Lucia World
was stanching about the stranger's head.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Winter was saying: "Cor-
doban's Ranch ain't so far off; why don't he send
there for his wife to come nuss him? As for that
boarder, a-flyin' out at us all 'bout doin' nothing
for the Englishman, if she wants it done, let her
tend him herself—rank stranger as he is to her. I
ain't no use for the man noways, gettin' throwed
off his hoss right at the door stid of going on fur-
der down the creek; and he thinks this country
made just a-purpose for him to hunt in."

A WOMAN was weary of waiting on the mount-
ain-top. She yawned, and idly scratched her
name on the stone cross, set there by plucky
Jesuit Fathers in the early time; then, once more
with a field-glass she swept the lowering horizon
and all the valley. There was a black cloud in the
west; there was a charcoal-wagon with its teams
of oxen creeping along the far-off ridge; but there
was naught she looked for, moving or stationary, in
the open clearing at the base of the Devil's Back-
bone.

According to pre-arrangement, Molly Derrick
had brought the field-glass. Now, to her Miss
World yielded it, with the injunction that Molly
should keep a "lookout" on the country to the
south, and the minute a human being appeared on
the solitary landscape to apprise Miss World of the
fact. Meanwhile, the lady herself, to appease her
impatience, would explore a famous cave in the
bowels of Wild Cat Mountain.

Beyond the stone cross, under a shelving rock,
yawned an opening in the earth, through which
Miss World dropped, clasping the uprights of a long
creaky ladder. As she descended all grew gradu-
ally darker; and when she paused on the lower
rungs for her sight to grow used to the gloom, a
spark of fire advanced towards her out of the
furthest darkness. Nearer and nearer. Now it
stopped before her. It was Indian Joe and his
cigarito. He was speaking rapidly in Spanish, as
was his way when agitated—he would go, he would
go, he said. Perhaps the woman understood noth-
ing; possibly she did not wish him to think her
afraid, for she moved in no way that he might
ascend the ladder, and only looked at him search-
ingly through the dusk, and wanted to know what
he was doing there?

He was on his own land, looking for buried
money. "And you?" he asked; but she did not
choose to answer that question. "Ah, I know,"
he said, in his grave, soft way. "No use to wait.
Englishman comes not this evening. No use to
wait; his wife sick."

Wife sick, indeed! and what was that to her,
and why should that deter her lover? Indian Joe
saw her great eyes blazing in the half-darkness.

As for him, he merely shrugged his shoulders
gracefully, and stooping, whistling softly, gently
raised in his hand a hissing rattlesnake, which had
but the moment crawled up at his feet. The snake
swung its head from side to side, as if beating
time to the music of its master. After it had
glided about his neck and arms, finally coiling in
his breast, the swarthy charmer carelessly tossed
the reptile over his shoulder back into the outer
darkness. That was a strange trick; Miss World,
being amused therewith, regarded the dark-faced
athlete with so interested and strange a gaze, that
he in his turn thrilled to the look, softly subdued,
as the snake had been under his own conquering
charm.

He had tameless blood in him. And now on the
moldy earth he sank—lay there crying out his
wild heart in an alien tongue of mad prayers and
words of fire.

This exhibition was not so very amusing; and
yet more dangerous than rattlesnakes or dynam-
ite. Miss World crawled higher up, and finally, to
the top of the ladder, to see what Molly Derrick
was about.

Out beyond the shelving rock there was no vista.
Only a vast, blinding sheet of rain, through which
the lightnings, leaping, gave brazen glimpses of
ghostly trees writhing uprooted or snapped asun-
der in the valley below, while the thunder roared
and crashed among the hills.

What of Molly Derrick? had the tearing blast
swept her from the summit into the yellow hill-
side torrents, on into the swirling cañon beyond?

When the storm cleared, and the moon's washed
face looked out, Molly was discovered, drenched,
bruised and buffeted with clinging by rock and
shrub, but still dominant—at her post with the
field-glass.

III.

A FOG lay over San Gregorio Cañon—a fog so
thick, one might almost have cut it in
shreds like melon-slices. Wild Cat had vanished,
and travelers across the Devil's Backbone moved
like spirits in a gray dream. Surely they had
chosen a sweet morning for a drive, and a charm-
ing road!

The driver was able to see no further beyond
than the buttocks of the two horses. The road was
not wide enough, in most places, for two teams to
pass each other; for the rest, there was a gorge
on each hand, and jagged rocks one hundred
feet below, to catch one's body in a tender em-
brace.

It was a bat or bird flew right in the horses'
faces and started them. Ah, it must have been no
canny thing rushing through that gray gloom—
fog beating in one's face with the very smell of
death in it—plunging through a ghostly wall of
mist to unseen retribution!

Their very instinct of danger, apparently, kept
the horses some minutes on the ledge. The Eng-
lishman was no coward. If he had had his hands
free, he would have risked shooting the horses
dead; as it was, he could only hold the lines in a
tense, steady grasp, and wait for a sharp curve to
settle it for himself and the woman by his side.

Now had come the mortal leap. The brutes
reared an instant on their hind-feet, at a shout
near their heads. There was thunder of fore-hoofs
on the rocky roadway; the carriage swerving,
righted, stood still! The Englishman leaped over
the dashboard, unloosed the traces, soothed the
horses and reached their heads. Thither his com-
panion of the carriage was before him; she stood
by the fallen body of Indian Joe, his skull crushed
by the iron-shod hoofs, and the life beaten utterly
from the bold breast.

A long, long silence. Then the woman thrilled
the muffled air with her voice's strange sweet-
ness:

"There was a man. There lies the hero I've
been all my life looking for. Ah, me!
Well, by the side of him, you bore me—tire me. I
think I shall go away alone."

"In the name of God," cried the Englishman,
"and I?"

"Oh, you may go back to your wife. She will
be glad to see you, and you may tell her anything
you like. She will believe it. Women are such fools.
As for me, I shall wait here for the stage."

As the ledge was too narrow to "turn" on, the
Englishman detached the horses and led them
past, then lifted round the vehicle and placed in
it the dead, dusky shape of a brave soul.

The sun lifted the veil from mountain and
cañon and set afloat nameless spices on the steam-
ing air. The sky above the Devil's Backbone
shone sweetly blue; and so near to the yearning
touch.

Above the gorge, where the giant aloe lifted and
the scraggy cedar clung, a woman sat alone, her
shawl a vivid spot on the ridge's glaring white—
sat alone, waiting for the stage.

MONUMENT TO SERGEANT JASPER.

SAVANNAH, for its population, already rich in
public monuments, among which are those to
Greene, Pulaski and Gordon, is about to have one
more, unique in character and design, the work
of Mr. Alexander Doyle, of this city. It is to per-
petuate the deeds of Sergeant Jasper, the episodes
of whose life in the Revolutionary War form one
of the brightest pages of American history, and
whose death was even as dramatic and thrilling as
that of Nathan Hale. This youth had scarcely at-
tained his majority when he distinguished himself
as one of Moultrie's command by leaping from the
parapet of the fort and dashing recklessly into the
midst of the enemy. Next we hear of him as
rescuing, with the aid of a single comrade, a squad
of prisoners who had been captured by the British
near Savannah. The convoy, he divined, would
stop at a certain spring near Savannah for dinner
and water, and there the guard would stack their
arms. It so happened; and while they rested
about the camp-fire in fancied security he dashed
in among them, seized their weapons, released the
captives, and marched the British platoon to the
American headquarters.

Subsequently, at the siege of Savannah by the
American army, he showed the crowning courage
of his life by pushing to the ramparts to rescue the
flag after he received a mortal wound, from which
he died on reaching camp. It is this deed which
Mr. Doyle has so fittingly and so dramatically
commemorated in bronze.

It is now considerably more than ten years
since the citizens of Savannah resolved to erect a
suitable memorial, and Mr. Doyle was given the
commission as one widely appreciated in the
South, as is attested by the monumental statuary
from his studio standing in several of the leading
cities there. The figure is ten feet high, and to-
gether with the pedestal will make an imposing
object, rising to an altitude of thirty feet. The

treatment follows as nearly as possible historic
truth. The pose is bold and inspiring, and full of
martial fervor and patriotic sacrifice, while the
lines are unconstrained, and the modeling firm and
natural. Altogether, this statue is worthy of the
subject, and of Mr. Doyle's high artistic reputation,
and will be a worthy ornament in one of the most
beautiful cities of Georgia—indeed, of America.

OLD WAR-SHIPS SOLD AT AUCTION.

OUR illustration on page 133 shows the hulks of
the United States sloops-of-war *Lackawanna*,
Shenandoah and *Wachusett*, in tow of the tug
Monarch, of San Francisco, departing from the
Mare Island Navy Yard, on August 30th. They
had just been transferred by the commandant of
the station to the possession of the highest bidder,
and their fate will be either to be broken up or
transformed into merchant vessels. The sale was
made in pursuance of the law prohibiting repairs
to vessels of the Navy in excess of twenty per
cent of the cost of new ones of the same class.
The scene was witnessed by the officers and sea-
men at the station, and the few hundred mecha-
nics now employed at the yard. The event, in con-
nection with the contracts now in force for the
construction of the modern steel cruisers, marks
the change from the old to the new. The United
States has been the last amongst the Powers of
the world to abandon the type of war-ships of
which these wooden hulks are an example, and in
foreign waters they have long been looked upon,
as they will soon be regarded at home, as curious
specimens of an obsolete fashion of war-ships.

THE BIRDS, AND LIBERTY'S LIGHT.

THE torch-bearing Goddess of Bedloe's Island
does not trim her hat with humming-birds,
nor adorn her robes with the bright plumage of
feathered creatures. She is, nevertheless, an in-
nocent cause of death to a great many birds, of
all sizes and colors, and representing numerous
species, without discrimination. The fatal instru-
ment of decoy and destruction is the vast cluster
of electric lights which she holds aloft in her right
hand, three hundred feet above the waters of the
sea, and whose powerful rays are visible to the
human eye at a distance of nearly forty miles.
This is the season of migration; and the number
of winged wanderers of the air that dash them-
selves against the deceptive beacon, and fall back
stunned or dead, is almost incredible. One morn-
ing, recently, after the first cold wave had set
the birds flying southward, the officers on the island
picked up no less than 1,375 downy little dead
bodies. Many of them were beautiful creatures,
and the sight was pitiful. There were among
them specimens of more than one hundred dis-
tinct species. The largest bird was a Canadian
woodpecker, measuring thirteen inches from wing
to wing. The smallest was an exquisite little
humming-bird, one inch long.

An examination proved that the heat of the
light had blinded the unfortunate creatures. In
some cases their brains were actually roasted.
Comparatively few of them were dashed to death,
but nearly all were fatally burned and blinded.

There will, no doubt, be more or less victims all
through the season. Colonel A. G. Tassin, the
commander of the military post, does not dispose
of the bodies to the milliners, as he might. He
favors science in preference to fashion, and sends
the specimens to the museums. As to the occa-
sional game-birds, their dressing is no doubt com-
mitted to that practical kitchen taxidermist, the
mess-cook.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN
ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

A BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK.

BUENOS AYRES is one of the few cities in the
world where the proverbial beggar on horseback is
actually encountered. His mount, however, is not
necessarily a sign of affluence; horseflesh is cheap
in the Argentine Republic, and the poorest may
choose a wreck of a steed from among those sent
to the *saladero* for the value of their skins, and
of the oil extracted from their worn-out carcasses.
Mounted on a skeleton beast, whose own scanty
sustenance is picked up along the wayside and in
the straw-strewn market-place, the mendicant
really succeeds in doubling the show of misery
which, together with certain pretensions in the
way of fortune-telling or medical sorcery, is his
stock-in-trade.

ROYALTY AL FRESCO.

A pleasant glimpse of royalty at home is presented
in the picture of the breakfast given by Queen
Victoria on the lawn at Osborne House, in honor
of the Duchess of Connaught's farewell visit be-
fore returning to India. The group includes Prin-
cess Beatrice, the Princesses Irene and Alice of
Hesse, the four young daughters of the Duke and
Duchess of Edinburgh, and the infant Prince of
Battenburg, who is in his nurse's arms. The two
Indian servants, who were brought over for the
Queen by the Duke of Connaught, and who are
always in attendance upon her, are present, to-
gether with one of the oldest pages in her service.

CANINE AIDES-DE-CAMP.

By order of General de Bellemare, Commandant
of the Ninth Corps of the French Army, experi-
ments were tried, during the recent periodical
manœuvres, in the employment of dogs as skir-
mishers to warn sentries on advance-posts of the
approach of the enemy, and as dispatch-bearers.
The animals, which are employed in a similar
manner in the German Army, appear to have in
them the making of faithful and efficient sol-
diers. Those employed by the French are princi-
pally spaniels, sheep-dogs, Dalmatian hounds and
griffons. Four dogs, of ages ranging from twelve
to eighteen months, are attached to each infantry
regiment of the Ninth Corps.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT COPENHAGEN.

The new English Church at Copenhagen, of
which the Prince and Princess of Wales laid the
corner-stone in 1885, was consecrated last month
by Bishop Wilkinson, Coadjutor of the Bishop of
London and Bishop-Superintendent of the Eng-
lish Chaplaincies of Northern and Central Europe.
The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Czar and
Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, the mem-
bers of the Danish royal family, the Diplomatic
body, the Danish Bishop of Seeland, with a num-
ber of Danes and resident English, were present.
The view which we give of the interior is copied
from the *Illustrated London News*. The building,
which is English in its architecture, consists of a
nave with an aisle and vestry on the north side,
and a tower and spire at the northwest corner. A

porch at the southeast angle leads into the church. East of the nave, and divided from it by a richly molded arch, is the chancel, having a transept on the north side, which is to be used as the chapel for the Legation staff, and an organ-chamber on the south. The chapel is dedicated to St. Alban, the protomartyr of England, always held in great veneration in Denmark.

THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

The coral-reefed Samoan Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean, in which Germany, England and the United States have been, for some time past, commercially interested, are now in possession of the Germans, who have deposed King Malietoa, carried him off to New Guinea, and put a rival in his place. The scene of our picture is in a small native village, Upolo, Samoa. The natives are of a dark-copper color, and are usually naked from the waist upwards. The better sort of Samoan houses are roofed with palm-trees. Doors are seldom used, a mat is suspended in the doorway at night, so dogs and fowls walk in and out without hindrance. Boiled plantains, wild fruit, and bananas, with an occasional pig or fowl, form the chief food of the natives. For clothing, the *parau*, wrapped round the loins and tucked in at the top, is universally worn. *Kava*, the favorite native drink, which many Europeans also get fond of, is made from the root of a shrub, dried or pounded.

PRINCE FERDINAND AND BULGARIA.

The Bulgarian picture which we reproduce from the *Illustrated London News* depicts the somewhat riotous anti-Russian demonstration which took place shortly after Prince Ferdinand's arrival in Sofia, when leaders of the National party were carried on the shoulders of the bystanders to the palace; and the garden was crowded with people, who vociferously cheered the Prince. At present there is a lull in Bulgarian politics. Prince Ferdinand's popularity seems to be established. Accompanied by several Ministers, he has recently made a trip to Baribrod to inspect the railway lines on the frontier. M. Stambouloff has made a tour of the South, and reports that he received assurances everywhere that the people would support the Government. The latest intimation of Russian interference is conveyed in the report that the Porte, in its last note to Russia, suggested that Turkey and Russia each appoint a commissioner of princely rank to govern Bulgaria for three months, and to convoke a new Sobranje for the election of a Prince. It is said that the Russian Government will not reply to the note until the Czar returns to St. Petersburg, but that Russia will not disapprove the proposal, because, while waiting, events may change the situation.

THE PRESIDENT'S WESTERN TOUR.

TWO of the three days spent by the Presidential party at St. Louis—Monday and Tuesday of last week—were crowded up to the last moment with a round of receptions, balls, processions, illuminations and other entertainments, such as it is safe to say the city had never before seen. These were preceded, instead of followed, by the day of rest. On Sunday, the day after their arrival, the President and Mrs. Cleveland attended the morning service at the Washington Avenue Presbyterian Church, in company with Mayor Francis. In the afternoon they drove out, saw the parade of the Papal celebration, and at several points were greeted with impromptu receptions and cheers by the people.

Monday was a great day. First came the visit to the Exposition Fair, where, in the Amphitheatre, 24,000 schoolchildren sang a chorus of welcome, at the conclusion of which five little ones presented Mrs. Cleveland with a massive floral shield. At eleven o'clock the procession left the grounds, and Mrs. Cleveland was taken in charge by a number of ladies who tendered her a luncheon at Mrs. M. F. Scanlon's. The gentlemen escorted Mr. Cleveland to the Merchants' Exchange. The reception at this great hall of commerce was one of the most enthusiastic, and must have been one of the most gratifying to Mr. Cleveland, as a man, that he ever received.

Between the hours of 3 and 6 p. m. a public reception was held at the Lindell Hotel, where over 20,000 people shook hands with the President or his wife, and as many more went away disappointed at not being able to force an entrance through the throng. In the evening the party, accompanied by some of the local Reception Committee, left the Lindell for a drive through the illuminated streets. Washington Avenue was ablaze, and the dazzling Cleveland arch, at the intersection of Fourth Street, called forth many expressions of admiration. The flaming arches that spanned Broadway for a mile were all aglow, and both the President and Mrs. Cleveland were outspoken in their expressions of delight.

Tuesday began with the reception of the Commercial Travelers' Association of St. Louis, and such other persons as should find opportunity to make their way to the President. This occasioned another popular jam. One old lady became so enthusiastic that she attempted to kiss Mr. Cleveland, but he respectfully declined. The reception over, the President was driven to the excursion boat, the *City of Baton Rouge*, lying at the foot of Chestnut Street, where he was joined by Mrs. Cleveland, and the vessel steamed down the river for a trip to Jefferson Barracks. Returning at noon, the party were escorted in carriages from the boat to the Fair Grounds, where they became the guests of the Fair Association, and lunched with a party of ladies and gentlemen in the clubhouse. Later, they proceeded to the grand stand, witnessed some trotting races, and then returned to the hotel for dinner. At night they reviewed the sumptuous spectacular parade of the Vailed Prophet, and later attended the grand ball. Thence they returned to their hotel, and towards midnight they were escorted to their special train, in which they started for Chicago.

When the train moved slowly into the Alton Depot, at Chicago, a little after nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, it seemed to have plunged into a veritable sea of humanity; and the locomotive itself, with the large portrait of President Cleveland upon the headlight, was covered with men and boys who clambered recklessly upon the machinery at every available point. A crowd of forty or fifty thousand men, women and children filled the streets for blocks around the station. They gave a welcoming cheer as Mayor Roche escorted the city's guests to the four-in-hand carriage that awaited them. Mr. Cleveland, Mayor Roche and Mrs. Cleveland were whirled down Archer Avenue, with a clattering escort of the cavalrymen and artillery, to Twenty-second Street, where the main body of an imposing procession was waiting. There were cheers all along the line, flags were flying, and the houses along the avenue were decorated with banners and bunt-

ing. The President was plainly in for a rousing welcome. The commodious reviewing-stand for the Presidential party had been erected on the east side of the auditorium building, facing the water front, and afforded a beautiful view of the lake. From it the President looked out on a surging mass of people, filling Michigan Avenue as far as the eye could reach in either direction.

In response to Mayor Roche's formal welcome, the President made an excellent speech, and scored a point by recalling how an "old settler" of the city had once vehemently declared to him, "The people up where I live don't think a man is fit for President who has never seen Chicago."

The procession, which occupied an hour in moving past, and kept the President busy responding to salutes, was interesting in its display of State militia, United States cavalrymen, the Cleveland City Troop, and other visiting organizations. Secret societies were largely represented, and a novel feature was a squad of fifty bicyclists.

These outdoor festivities over, the President was driven to the Palmer House, whither Mrs. Cleveland, being fatigued, had preceded him in Colonel Lamont's carriage. It was to this famous hotel that the public, with boundless enthusiasm but scarcely any ceremony at all, came in a rush during the afternoon to pay their respects to the nation's Chief Magistrate. The President, accompanied by Mrs. Cleveland, took his position in the rotunda, which was profusely decorated with flags, and shook hands with all who could reach him. Mrs. Cleveland stood quietly by, and during part of the time sat in a bower of flowers and potted plants arranged for her near the President, at the sight of whose plight amidst the surging crowd she did not repress a merry smile.

One striking incident of this reception stood out vividly amongst all the other doings and happenings of the day. Heading the interminable line of visitors came a detachment of Union veterans bearing aloft the tattered, bullet-riven battle-flag of the Eleventh Kansas Volunteers. While the President warmly greeted the old soldiers one after another, the color-bearer stepped forward to Mrs. Cleveland, and, gently lowering the old flag, bade her clip off one of its precious shreds as a memento of the day. The beautiful wife of the President cheerfully complied, and, while the spectators cheered with wild enthusiasm, proudly displayed her trophy to the ladies at her side.

At the society reception in the Columbia Theatre, in the evening, several thousand ladies and gentlemen met the President and his wife; and a great many more, who had received invitations, were disappointed in being unable to gain an entrance to the overcrowded building. The floral decorations were superb, and it was stated that no less than 70,000 roses had been used. Mrs. Cleveland appeared at her best, in a close-fitting, simply made reception-gown of dark mistletoe-green plush, cut moderately low, and quaintly trimmed at the neck and on the short sleeves with ancient Etruscan lace. In her hair she wore a diamond brooch of exquisite workmanship. A necklace of diamonds sparkled at her throat, while around her waist, contrasting with the rich green plush, hung a girdle of old-gold heavy cord and tassels.

On Thursday morning, the pleasant weather continuing, President Cleveland visited the International Military Encampment at Washington Park, accompanied by Mayor Roche, General Terry, and other dignitaries. A rapid drive past the two or three thousand troops drawn up in line, a thundering salute from the artillery, and bows and smiles to the spectators in the stands, completed the ceremonies. Despite the inconveniences suffered from the rainy weather at the opening, the encampment has been a success, the sham battles especially attracting enthusiastic crowds of spectators.

The President boarded a train for the depot down-town, from which the start for Milwaukee was to be made, and whither Mrs. Cleveland had preceded him. At once a chorus of entreaties went up for them to come out on the platform. They did so; and while the multitude yelled itself hoarse, the train moved out, and the President and his fair young wife waved a farewell to hospitable Chicago.

The Presidential train arrived in Milwaukee at one o'clock in the afternoon, and the whole city turned out for the ovation of welcome. There were decorated streets and buildings, a military parade, speeches of welcome, and a characteristic response by the President. The popular reception took place in Schlitz Park. From there the party drove to the Exposition Building, and thence to the Plankinton House. Mrs. Cleveland dined at the residence of John L. Mitchell, manager of the Soldiers' Home, and from there was driven to the residence of Mr. James Kleek, on Grand Avenue, where she held a public reception lasting until nine o'clock. She was then driven to the Plankinton House, where from the balcony of the dining-hall she listened to the toasts at the banquet tendered by the Merchants' Association to the President.

Before leaving Milwaukee the next morning, the President and his party visited the Soldiers' Home, where the veterans drew up in line, and the cannon boomed forth a salute. At the railroad station a multitude assembled to see the train off. It started at ten o'clock, and the run to Madison was through one of the most charming sections of Wisconsin. The lake-throned capital was not a bit behind her sisters further south in her cordial welcome of the Chief Magistrate; and after the public festivities, the honored guests were comfortably domiciled at the residence of Postmaster-general Vilas, there to remain quietly over Sunday.

THE CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

THE great Exposition Building by the lakeside, at Chicago, to which the President and Mrs. Cleveland found time to pay a visit during their recent two-days' stop in that city, is at present occupied by the fifteenth annual interstate industrial show. The latest perfected products of industry, science and art, both of our own land and of foreign countries, and representing nearly all the chief branches of human activity, are exposed in an imposing array in the halls of the immense building. In the art gallery some of the representative works of both ancient and modern sculpture and painting are to be seen. The accommodations for the public are ample, and the accessories of music, illumination and decoration seem to leave nothing to be desired.

A detailed review of the many interesting and novel features would be well-nigh impossible, as the entire exposition may be said to be made up of novelties. Special mention, nevertheless, may be made of the work of the Committee of the Englewood Equal Suffrage Club in preparing the women's exhibit. The aim has been to put such articles on exhibition as show the new avenues of employment for women, consequently prominence

is given to industries in which women have been successful. Among these are silk culture, wood carving, clay modeling, pottery, etc. In the literary department some two hundred female authors are represented. In another portion of this exhibit will be found interesting relics, including an elegant quilt, valued at \$600, which belonged to Napoleon I.; the magnificent dress worn at the French Court by the wife of President Monroe, and the album quilt of President Lincoln.

THE OLD "HARTFORD" AT ST. LOUIS.

THIS picture, which was crowded out last week, but which has a subject of permanent patriotic interest, is a reminiscence of the recent Trades Pageant in St. Louis, which preceded the festivities of the Presidential visit. That brilliant display, organized by the Mound City merchants, consisted chiefly of elaborate floats representing the various branches of trade and commerce. The army and navy occupied a conspicuous place in the procession, the navy being represented by a colossal and perfect model of the Farragut's grand old flagship, the *Hartford*. It was greeted with cheers which proved that, though she may be superannuated and officially condemned, patriotic hearts will never "give up the ship."

HONORS TO THE YACHTING VICTORS.

THE *Volunteer's* victory is not lacking celebration, and in the *fees* to General Paine and Mr. Burgess, honor is surely bestowed where honor is due. The triumphant yacht arrived safely in Marblehead Harbor at a quarter past five o'clock last Friday afternoon, and dropped anchor off the headquarters of the Eastern Yacht Club. She was received with a booming of guns, a ringing of bells, and cheers by the people, who later illuminated the town and the harbor in her honor. Captain Haff and the crew promptly took train for Boston, to be present at the city's reception of General Paine and Designer Burgess, in Faneuil Hall. This was a genuine popular demonstration, on a grand scale, lasting from 6 o'clock to 10 p. m. Mayor O'Brien presided, the Rev. M. J. Savage read a poem written for the occasion, and speeches were made by such distinguished guests as Henry B. Lovering, Rev. M. J. Savage, Charles Levi Woodbury, Frederick O. Prince, Rev. J. P. Bodfish, General Banks, Governor Ames, Judge Woodbury and Rev. E. A. Horton. Both General Paine and Mr. Burgess made modest speeches, and shook hands by the thousand. Public honors will be tendered to these two nautical heroes in New York, on Thursday evening of this week, at the grand dinner given at Delmonico's by the New York Yacht Club. At this dinner, it is promised, the numerous cups won by yachts of the club will do duty as flower-vases. Meanwhile, the national purse for Designer Burgess is growing rapidly, members of the New York Yacht Club alone having already at the present writing subscribed over two thousand dollars.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

A CHAIR of sanitary engineering, believed to be the only one in the world, has been established in the Imperial University of Japan.

APPLYING certain measurements to a scarcely visible film of silver, Herr Wiener arrives at the conclusion that no less than 125,000,000 molecules of silver must be laid in a line to measure an inch.

SIGNAL-ROPES for mines are on the Continent made of ditta metal, for the reason that this metal resists corrosion. It is said to have a tensile strength of more than fifty tons per square inch of section.

It is said that small cast-iron ornaments that have been broken may be soldered by cleaning the surfaces to be united of all impurities, then rubbing them with a brass wire brush till they are covered with the brass. These surfaces can then be tinned and soldered as readily as brass articles.

M. GAREL has invented an electrical method of preparing paper stencils for letters, circulars, etc. In this apparatus a piece of very thin paper rests on a carbon block connected with one pole of a small induction coil, while the style with which the writing is done is connected with the other pole. On using the apparatus a series of sparks pass between the style and the carbon block, perforating the paper, which can then be used as a stencil in the ordinary way.

SOMETIMES the lamp-wick will obstinately refuse to be turned up in an orderly manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other will run up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity, take a new wick, draw out a single thread near the selva, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner. The coals will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

THE discovery of a new gas is a rare and important event to chemists. Such a discovery has been announced in Germany by Dr. Theodore Curtius, who has succeeded in preparing the long-sought hydride of nitrogen, amidogen, diamide or hydrazine, as it is variously called. This remarkable body, which has hitherto baffled all attempts at isolation, is now shown to be a gas, perfectly stable up to a very high temperature, of a peculiar odor, differing from that of ammonia, exceedingly soluble in water and of basic properties. In composition it is nearly identical with ammonia, both being compounds of nitrogen and hydrogen.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

OCTOBER 2d.—In New York, Robert Stoepel, the well-known musician and composer, aged 66 years; in Plymouth, Mass., William Russell Sever, the oldest Harvard graduate, aged 96 years; in Lakeville, Conn., ex-Governor Alexander H. Holley, aged 83 years. OCTOBER 3d.—In Boston, Mass., John B. Finch, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Prohibition party, aged 35 years. OCTOBER 5th.—In Springfield, Mass., ex-Governor and ex-Senator William B. Washburn, aged 67 years; in Norwich, Conn., Captain William C. Kingsbury, a well-known army officer and Indian fighter, aged 51 years. OCTOBER 6th.—In Bayonne, N. J., Rufus Story, the well-known merchant and real-estate owner, aged 75 years. OCTOBER 7th.—In Lake View, N. J., Edward K. Olmsted, city editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, aged 57 years; in Orange, N. J., George J. Webb, musician and composer, aged 94 years; in Washington, D. C., the Rev. F. S. Evans, aged 86 years; in Springfield, Ill., Captain John G. Mack, Chief Muster Officer, Grand Army of the Republic, Department of Illinois.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

EX-MAYOR CARTER HARRISON of Chicago has arrived at Yokohama.

Mlle. Aimée, the singer, died in Paris last week from the effects of a surgical operation.

FERDINAND, the Prince of Bulgaria, has only \$50,000 a year private income, but he will inherit \$2,000,000 from his mother.

SAM SMALL, the evangelist, says he likes to wrestle with the devil all the time; and then he announces that he will make his permanent home in Washington.

MR. HENRY NORMAN, a correspondent of the *London Pall Mall Gazette*, who is now in Canada, is making a tour of the world to ascertain the actual state of the British colonies.

EX-MAYOR EDWARD MURPHY of Troy has been elected Chairman of the New York Democratic State Committee. He is said to be opposed to President Cleveland and his policy.

THE marriage of an American girl, Miss Fanny Coddington, to Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, the son of the poet, will be celebrated in the church on Mr. Schlesinger's estate in Kent.

DR. SCHWENNINGER, the favorite physician of Prince Bismarck, has been summoned by the Sultan, who desires that some of the ladies of the harem should follow Dr. Schwenninger's treatment for the prevention of obesity.

THE Korean Government has appointed Park Chening Yand, Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, and has also appointed ambassadors to represent the Government at London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg.

PROFESSOR STEVENSON, of New York City University, has been chosen foreign member of the Imperial Society of Naturalists at Moscow and corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Padua and of the Tuscan Society of Natural History.

GEORGE BANCROFT's eighty-seventh birthday was celebrated at Newport on Monday of last week. His granddaughter, Miss Susanne Bancroft, assisted her venerable relative at the festivities, and Robert Browning sent a cable dispatch congratulating the historian.

DOM PEDRO, the Emperor of Brazil, is still in Paris, and the belief is gaining ground in Rio that he will never return to active participation in affairs. Though only a little past sixty, he is said to be suffering from a chronic disease of the kidneys, which has impaired his mental faculties.

MR. POWDERLY has the courage of his convictions on the temperance question. "I will never take back one word I have said on this subject," he declared in his opening speech at the National Assembly of the Knights of Labor; "and I say to all who would leave the Order from such a cause, 'Go!'"

MISS ROSE CLEVELAND last week entered upon her duties as associate manager of a fashionable boarding-school in New York city. In addition to sharing the responsibilities of the head of the school, she will herself conduct the studies of the senior and post-graduate classes in the Department of American History.

AUDUBON was buried in Trinity Cemetery, on Tenth Avenue, New York. A new street is to be cut through there, and the naturalist's remains are to be removed to Trinity Churchyard, and a monument to his memory will be erected by the Academy of Science at the head of the new street, which is to be called Audubon Street.

JACOB SHARP will not go to Sing Sing until the Court of Appeals has finally passed on his case. Chief-Judge Ruger last week heard the arguments of counsel on both sides on the application for a stay of proceedings, and then granted the desired relief. The appeal from the decision of the General Term will be argued before the full bench on Wednesday, October 19th.

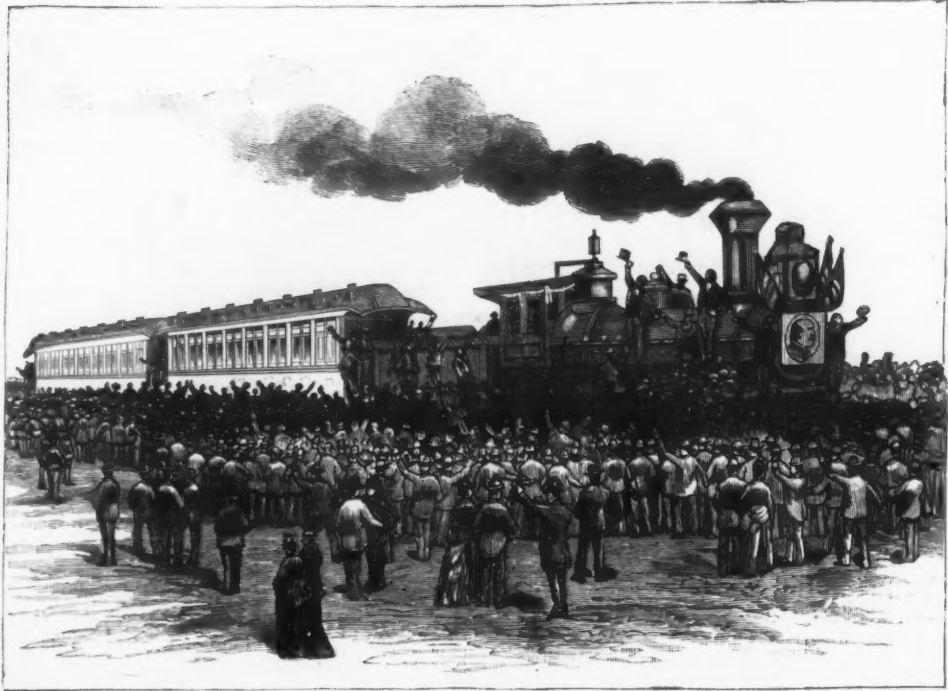
It is expected that the purse which is to be presented to Mr. Burgess, designer of the *Puritan*, *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*, will reach the sum of \$10,000, if it does not exceed that figure. Mr. Burgess has his hands full of orders, big and little, and he designs anything from a catboat up, each new boat being a little better than himself in the past or any one else in the present.

THE trial of Lord Mayor Sullivan of Dublin and Mr. O'Brien for publishing in the papers respectively controlled by them reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National League, resulted, last week, in the dismissal of the case against the former. The Lord Mayor went to the trial with official pomp, attended by all the civic dignitaries. The streets presented a scene of wild enthusiasm. The Tories are greatly agitated over the failure of the prosecution.

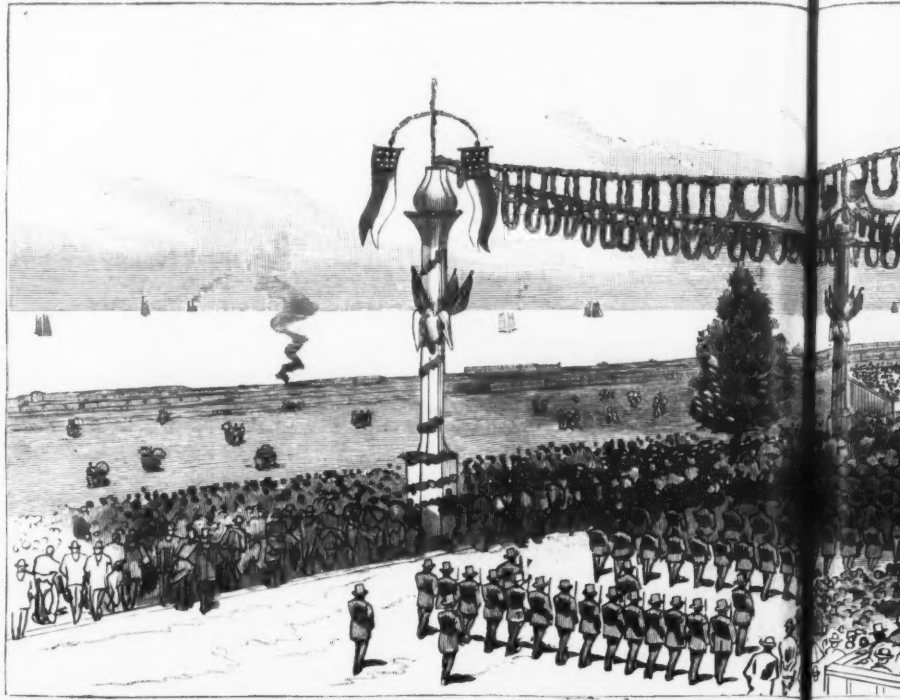
"PEARL RIVERS" is a *nom-de-plume* which veils—not too deeply—the personality of one of the best-known ladies of the South. She is Mrs. Nicholson, the proprietress of the New Orleans *Picayune*. Exquisite in person as in manners and mind, she ably controls one of the oldest and most famous daily newspapers in the United States with the same dainty hand that has penned so many charming lyrics, essays and letters. We need scarcely call the reader's attention here to what, undoubtedly, he will already have perused—the graceful and tender poem on page 134, entitled "Over the Blue Ridge Mountains."

SIR THOMAS GRATTAN ESMONDE, M. P., and Mr. Arthur O'Connor, M. P., two of Parnell's lieutenants, are now in this country. The object of their mission is to explain the condition of affairs in Ireland, to thank the American people for their support in the past, and request that they continue to help the Irish Nationalist party in its struggle for Home Rule. They will visit all the principal cities in the United States and Canada. Sir Thomas Esmonde is a baronet, about twenty-five years old and the great-grandnephew of Henry Grattan. Mr. Arthur O'Connor is the best-informed man of affairs in the party.

REV. DR. DEEMS, of the Church of the Strangers in New York, was last week the recipient of a testimonial from his friends, in the form of a service commemorating his twenty-one years of successful labor as pastor of that church. Addresses were made by representative clergymen of eight denominations, all highly eulogistic in their terms, and Dr. Deems was presented a handsome purse by members of his congregation. Few New York pastors have a stronger hold upon the affections of the people than Dr. Deems, and this hearty recognition of his usefulness both as a clergyman and a citizen was as deserved as it was timely.



ARRIVAL OF THE PRESIDENT'S SPECIAL TRAIN.



THE PROCESSION PASSING THE PRESIDENT'S STAND.



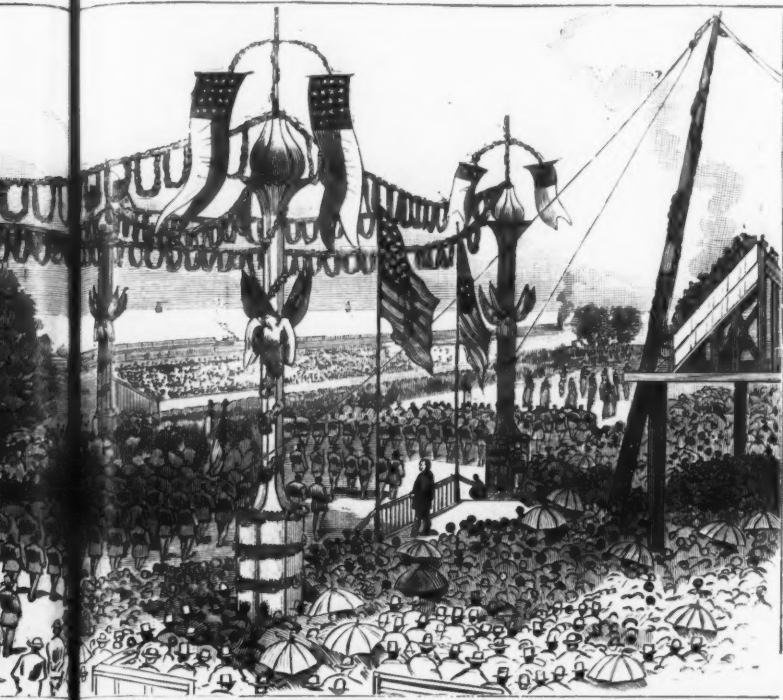
ARCH ON MONROE STREET—AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF MRS. CLEVELAND.



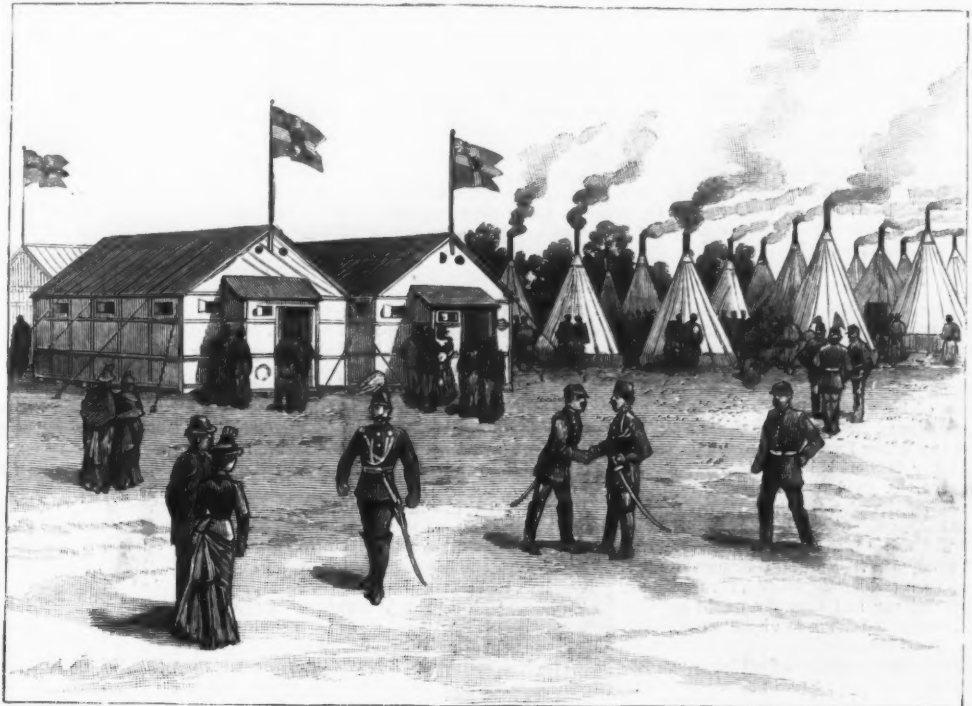
SCENE IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE PALMER HOUSE DURING THE PUBLIC RECEPTION, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

ILLINOIS.—THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND TO CHICAGO—SCENES AND INCIDENTS

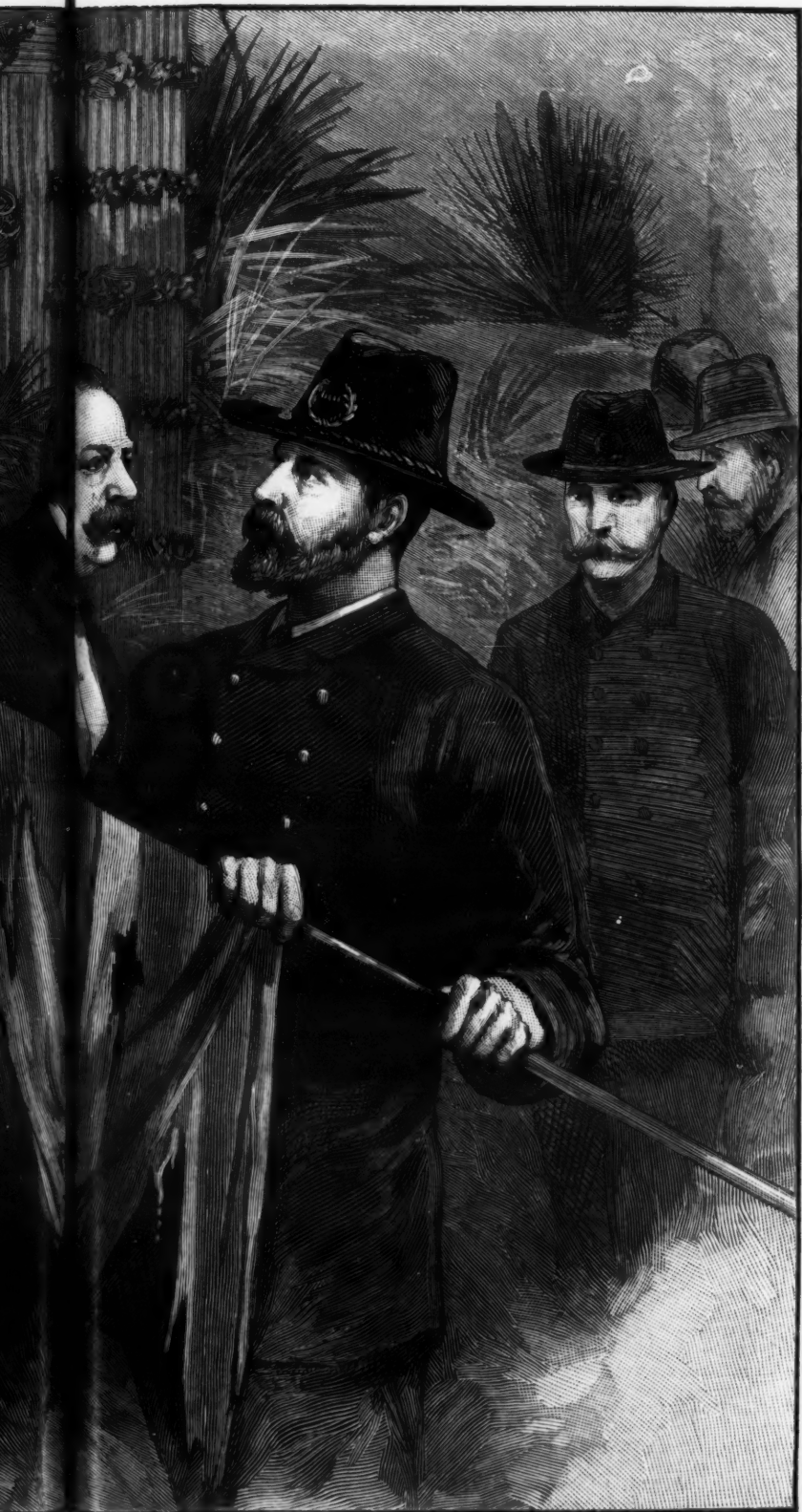
FROM SKETCHES BY C. H. PAGE 135.



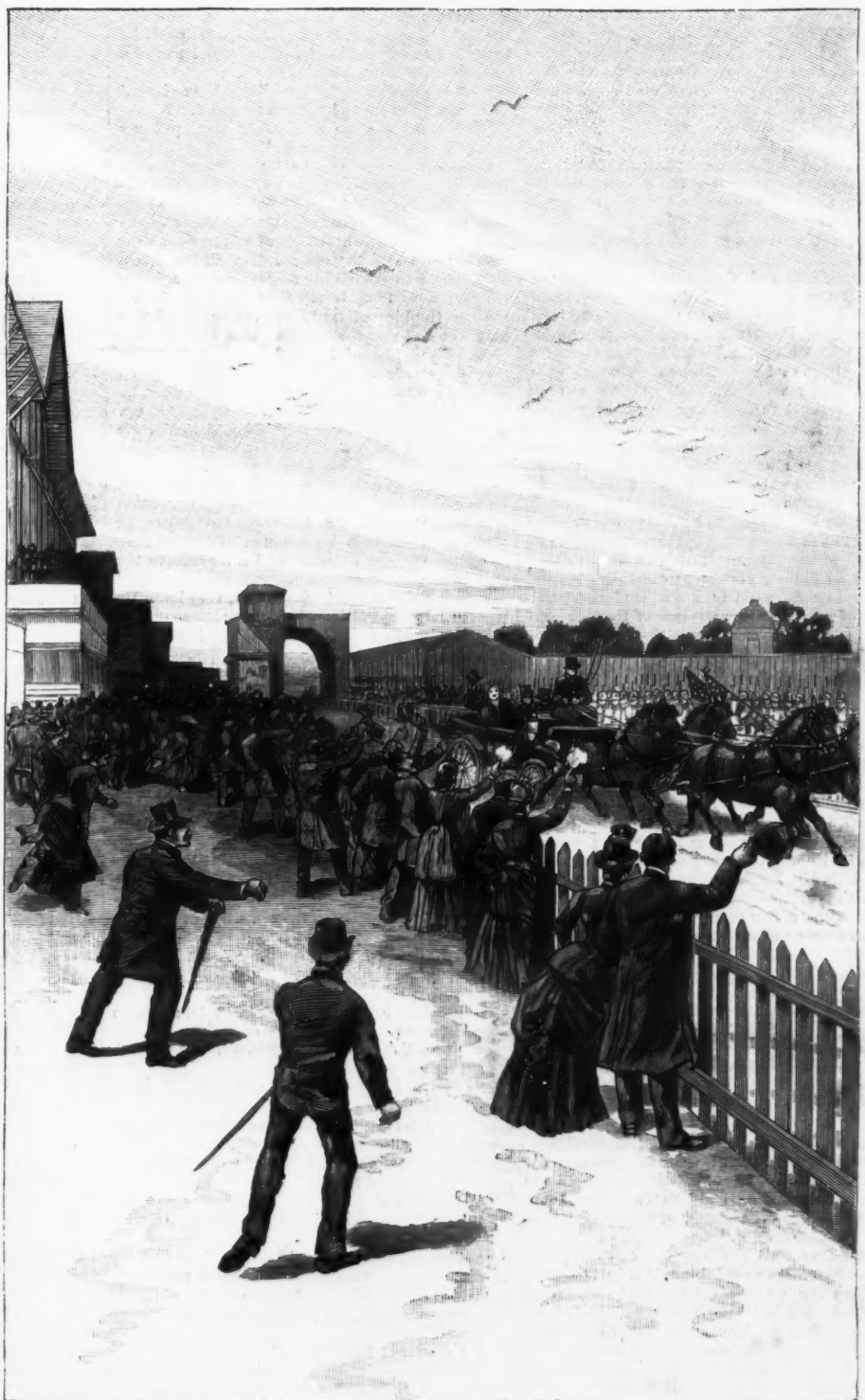
PRESIDENT'S LONG-STAND ON MICHIGAN AVENUE.



THE FOREIGN QUARTER OF THE INTERNATIONAL MILITARY ENCAMPMENT.



PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT. BATTLE-FLAG SOUVENIR PRESENTED TO MRS. CLEVELAND BY UNION VETERANS. PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT. BATTLE-FLAG SOUVENIR PRESENTED TO MRS. CLEVELAND BY UNION VETERANS. PRESIDENT'S VISIT TO THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT. BATTLE-FLAG SOUVENIR PRESENTED TO MRS. CLEVELAND BY UNION VETERANS.



VISIT OF THE PRESIDENT TO THE MILITARY ENCAMPMENT

HIS MISSING YEARS.

By PROFESSOR CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

Author of "The Wages of Sin," "The Love and Loves that Jack Had," "The Shadow from Varraz," "The Man Outside," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XL.—THE OTHER PAIR.

MR. PAUL WALLDON and Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford were certainly not the sort of men one would think of seeing friends to one another. And yet, they appeared to the unlightened eyes of those who lived in the same house with them to be good friends—to be earnestly and anxiously friendly.

The two men went away every morning, apart and alone. But let either one be late in returning, and the other was annoyed and worried. The little world in the great building in which they lived attributed all this anxiety to love and care and friendship. We know better than that.

Let Ratcliffe Dangerford have to wait long for the return of his "friend," and a close listener might have heard him moodily muttering his doubts as to whether Paul Walldon would ever return—whether it would be Paul Walldon who would return. A good observer could not have helped getting the idea that the return of Paul Walldon's body, some evening, with the mind and soul of some other man in it, was a thing to be expected as quite in the natural course of events—and a very dangerous thing indeed, for some one. Your close listener and observer might have set Ratcliffe Dangerford down as a little crazy. We, of course, know better.

Walldon waiting, for Dangerford late, was even more anxious and more to be pitied than when the places of the two men were reversed. Dangerford gone—the one link broken which, in Walldon's belief, connected his present with his past—our unfortunate friend would have been almost ready to give up all toil and hope.

Toil? Hope?

Yes; both. Do not forget that the man out of whose life a score of years had fallen, as fully as though they had never been lived and suffered, had gone bravely to work to try and find a way in which to regain his knowledge of them. Remember that he never gave up the faith and trust without which he might as well never have tried.

These two men spent their evenings together, usually. Sometimes they attended the theatre, seeing some marvelously improbable story acted out upon the stage—some story which was commonplace and prosaic compared with the great drama in which these men had their own important parts. Sometimes they sat and smoked, talking or keeping silence as they felt inclined. Sometimes they tried the fortunes of chance with cards, or of skill with the chessmen. But always, whatever they did, each was ever and unceasingly on the watch.

One night Walldon's door would open softly in the small hours of the night, and Dangerford would steal in to look and to listen. The next night, perhaps, Dangerford would be the better sleeper, and Walldon the curious and intrusive visitor. Once, at least, the two men met each other face to face in the hall. I presume they both understood fully. But neither ever mentioned the matter to the other.

Paul Walldon talked quite freely regarding his efforts and his study. It is easy to believe that Dangerford was always attentive. I don't know why Walldon was not more secret in what he did. I cannot say why he had so little that was private. Perhaps it was because he felt it safer to talk; it may be that the interest of even an enemy was a stimulus to greater and more carefully planned exertions; or the need he felt of studying every change of expression on the face of the man who knew so much more of his past than he did himself may have been his greatest motive.

Both men had been surprised to find out how much Paul Walldon really knew—Paul to find that he had gained so much in the years which were not even so substantial as shadows, and Dangerford to find that a man could have retained so much in a disaster which had so utterly wrecked his memory of personal events.

What did Paul Walldon know? It took a long time to find out. It was one of the problems he set himself to solve, and he found the process a slow one. He won the first game of chess he ever played with Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford—the game in which the latter was going to teach him how to play. He was a fair card-player. He was better than the average man at the game of billiards—a game which requires long practice for one to acquire proficiency.

He played several musical instruments, and one of them, at least, with great skill. He sang well. He drew fairly. He painted a little. He danced. He was a gifted conversationalist. And all these things he found out laboriously and slowly; all this took much time.

"I can read Latin," he said, one evening.

"Yes."

"And Greek, and French, and German."

"You must have been a well-educated man?"

"I think so. To-morrow, I shall try what I can do with mathematics, and the day after, I am going to look into the matter of my equipment in the domain of science."

"Yes; I would."

He did so. He found himself a better-posted man than the average college graduate, strong and vigorous and in the full possession of his powers, as when he was far removed from his college days as this man's age seemed to remove him. But there was this one strange thing always and overlastingly true of all his knowledge, no matter in what field of wisdom his search led him: Any fact that was unknown before the time of his fall upon the ice—unknown to the world—was as utterly unknown to him now. He could quote Homer and Shakespeare by the hour at a time;

he was well acquainted with the early literature of his own country; but every line written since the day of his race with Thomas Girtton was as new as it would have been to a child with no past behind him. He knew of the rise and growth and fall of nations, and could tell stories of ancient vigor and valor; he could talk of Washington and Jackson, of Wellington, of Napoleon, but he had to learn anew regarding the most stupendous struggle the world ever saw, or know nothing at all of it. The words of the heroic men, the statesmen, the soldiers, the philosophers, these he could quote so feelingly as to make the face of the listener flush with pleasure or kindle with anger; but a fifth of a century had been a time of utter silence and nothingness so far as he seemed to know. History ended abruptly for him in 1855; had the world come to its last day then, and eternity taken the place of time, the apparent end could not have been more abrupt and definite. Science had stood still; discovery had not widened; progress had stagnated; civilization had rested. He was a man—a man with a man's powers, a man minus the man's experiences which make a man a man.

Without experience? Can I say that? Dare I? He had likes and dislikes. He could not explain them. Nor can I.

He had tastes, habits, opinions. Experience had done for him, in some respects, more than memory could do, or its loss undo. The things a man does are the things he has done, and the things he does make him the man he is. Destroy habit, and the man would be lost indeed. But memory? Merely memory? I think there can be little doubt of the fact that Paul Walldon was not greatly unlike the man he had been during his missing years. He may have lost his memory; he may have lost it utterly; he may never find it again. But, let him follow his inclinations, gratify his tastes, satisfy his ambitions, and I think he will find himself.

Paul Walldon understood much of this. He recognized the great truths in much of what I have written. Vaguely, uncertainly, falteringly, he determined to let this aid him. Be sure he was wise.

"I think I can guess something as to my past by giving attention to my thoughts and wishes now," said Paul, one evening. He and Ratcliffe Dangerford were playing chess, and the hand of the speaker's antagonist trembled so much that he upset a knight, displaced a king, and knocked a queen into Walldon's lap.

"I don't think I understand," said the awkward man, when the pieces had been replaced.

"Perhaps not; no matter. I shall put my theory to the test to-morrow."

Chess didn't seem to have much charm for Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford after that. He seemed annoyed and *distracted*. He did not look like a man who was in fear of seeing knowledge take the place of ignorance in the mind of the man over whom he so closely watched. He did look like a man who sees something of power over another slipping away from him. I am not sure that he was not thinking of how likely it would be that a man who had won the favor of fickle fortune once should do so again. I can imagine his most unwelcome thoughts centering around the condition which gave money to Paul Walldon only while he let Thomas Girtton and his friends entirely alone. A man would be so much less likely to heed such a condition if he happened to hit upon some plan which made the pension unnecessary.

Paul Walldon was off early the next morning. He said nothing as to where he was going. Dangerford didn't ask. But the eager enthusiasm in the face of the man he so much needed to keep in his power was a terror and a menace to the once nurse.

Paul Walldon was late that night, very late. He was so late that Dangerford was almost on the verge of madness, imagining many improbable and some impossible things. But he came at last, not proudly and exultantly, not hurriedly, but with a calm deliberation and an admirable self-control which was good to see in a man so stricken as he was.

"Well?" said Dangerford.

"Well."

"Where have you been?"

"Where my inclinations led me, as truly that as though I had been a wrecked ship and my fancies the winds and the waves."

"And where—where have you been?"

"In Wall Street."

A harsh sound, half groan, half cry, and altogether curse, burst from the white lips of Dangerford.

"In Wall Street?" he cried. "And what were you doing in Wall Street?"

"Speculating."

Dangerford laughed, or pretended to, a hoarse and harsh and offensive sort of laugh.

"Speculating?" he said uneasily. "And with what, pray?"

"I had a hundred dollars which I had saved from my allowance."

"Had you? I think that your unknown friends made your allowance much too large. It should have been no more than sufficient for your wants."

"You think so?"

"I think so."

"Thank you. The time may come when I shall need none at all."

"How? I cannot imagine how. You will not forget that the amount promised will not be increased? You will remember that if you waste the money given you, you must be content to do without."

"I shall not forget that."

"And so"—coaxingly and wheedlingly, much as one might have spoken to a willful child—"and so you won't speculate any more?"

"Speculation amuses me."

"But—but you lost?"

"No; I won."

"How much?"

"A thousand dollars, and a little more."

Walldon was watching the man who was so constantly his companion, the man with whom he shared this parlor, or sitting-room, or whatever they chose to call it, with him. He saw him turn suddenly white. He saw his legs shake and bend under the weight they had to bear. He saw his hands tremble, and the fingers twitch nervously. He saw hate shine in his eyes, and a desperate look—a haunted look—stare out at him. But through it all, seeing all he did, there was one thing for which he had looked—looked in fear and doubt—which he did not see. Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford was not surprised; he forgot to pretend to be.

"But—but you will do no more of this?"

"Oh, yes, I shall."

"You cannot hope to win again."

"I can. I think I have all the qualifications of a successful speculator. I think I am shrewd, alert, discreet. I think I have the nerve which is needed. I think I add to cool calculation and sterling common sense—good qualities in themselves, by-the-way—the higher qualification of a fine financial instinct which rises above reason, and is itself its own infallible rule and guide. I think I made money, much money, and through sheer boldness and far-seeing business ability, in the days between the times when I was Paul Walldon—and Paul Walldon again."

"I—I think not," gasped Ratcliffe Dangerford.

But Walldon, looking the man in the face, knew that he was right, and that Ratcliffe Dangerford was a liar.

"You—you must not speculate," said the desperate man, but the words which began with a voice of command faded into a groan of pleading. The will-power of the stronger man was making itself felt; the will of the weaker was faltering forward to the inevitable fall from its sovereignty; there was not left even the possibility of triumph through a fair test of physical power. Dangerford was being driven to the ground from which to success there is no other thoroughfare than the dark alley in which the knife and poison are the readiest tools.

"I shall speculate. I will speculate. I will win."

"But—but one thousand dollars is a great deal of money."

"It isn't. Why, it's a mere nothing. Do you think I can be satisfied with that? Do you think I can be?"

All of which, considering the fact that memory had nothing to say of any consciousness intervening between a boyhood in which dimes had been large sums, and a manhood in which he had gladly consented to the hard conditions accompanying a pension of a hundred dollars a month, sounded strangely coming from the lips of Mr. Paul Walldon—sounded strangely even to Mr. Paul Walldon himself.

"You knew me when I was not Mr. Paul Walldon, did you not?" was the sudden question Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford had to face.

The gentleman thus addressed hesitated. Matters were not moving in just the way he had intended they should.

But he answered, after a little, and frankly and truthfully. "I did," he said.

"Will you tell me my name?"

"Never."

"Nor where I lived?"

"No."

"Nor what I did?"

"No."

"Will you tell me why I have been made to suffer as I have, and who caused it?"

"I do not know. If I did, I—I—"

"You would tell me?"

"No, but I would make it cost them dear."

"Why will you not tell me what I wish to know?"

Why not, indeed? What a horrible question for Ratcliffe Dangerford to be asked to listen to. And yet—they two were alone. He might say what he pleased, only to deny as freely as he pleased afterward. They were alone; there were no witnesses; why should he not tell this man the truth, and so make fear for ever shut his mouth when he desired to question or assert? Paul Walldon had slipped from beneath the nameless power his influence and authority had had over him. Strong and well, physically, and more than his match should they be called upon to face each other equally armed, or not armed at all, Paul Walldon's every motion was an offensive assertion of freedom and independence. Why not tell him all, just to show him how desperate the case really was, and to convince him of the magnitude of the gulf on the brink of which they stood? Why not tell him, since he had long ago resolved to show no mercy to the man of forgetfulness—if he ever got his memory again? Why not tell him, since he had every advantage over him, and since he could have his own way with him whenever he chose so to do? Why not? Why not indeed? He would. He most certainly would.

"We knew each other more than five years ago," he began.

"Well?"

"And were together oftener than one would have supposed possible, everything considered. You were quite a proper and honest and decent sort of individual, while I—I—But that hasn't much to do with the story. One dark night we walked together—"

Paul Walldon was looking into the eyes of this man who talked so calmly and unconcernedly of his past, looking as one might look into a forbidden volume which he would give his life to read. He saw much to puzzle him, and much to annoy, but of one thing he was sure: treacherous and inconsistent as he had regarded Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford as being, Mr. Ratcliffe Dangerford was, nevertheless, speaking the truth.

"—And we met another man, a friend of yours, or one who was said to be. There was a dispute;

there were harsh words; there was a sudden blow—"

Still Walldon watched the face of this man who was so concisely and pointedly giving him a chapter from the volume of his unknown life. And still the evil face of the story-teller was candid; still he was telling the truth.

"—And there was a dead man on the ground between us, and—"

Still the truth! Still a stolidly desperate sincerity which falsehood never counterfeited. And—Paul Walldon turned away his eyes for a moment—turned away his eyes and lost something in the man's face which would have turned the floods of his emotions in another direction, and thus made his future much different—turned away his eyes, and spoke while his gaze was still averted.

"And I—I did that? Merciful God, did I do that?"

This time it was Ratcliffe Dangerford who turned away his head; it was as well he did. He needed to hide a grimace of devilish triumph. He had started to tell the truth, desperately and savagely, and he had told it. Every word he had spoken had been true. Tone and face had enforced the belief of his hearer. And then, at the very last, Paul Walldon had misinterpreted the story, had jumped to a terrible and unreasonable conclusion, had forgotten the manner of man his tastes and habits proclaimed him to be, as well as the sort of man he believed Dangerford to be, and had taken the guilt to himself.

Dangerford could have laughed aloud, or cried for joy, or done any one of the many other strange and unreasonable things which weak men sometimes do in great crises in their lives. Paul Walldon had put up for himself the most formidable barrier imaginable between his present and his past. No one could think of him as honestly and sincerely hoping for the opening of the closed door into the halls of memory if he were to find a dead man, slain by his own hand, lying on the very threshold. One could imagine him saying—praying: "God forgive me; I did not do it; he did it." But no one could think of him as crying longer: "Let me be him again." Would not his prayer, born of tears and sorrow, and of unapprehended contrition and repentance, be: "Merciful God, keep me from ever knowing the feelings of the man I once was. Keep me from being him instead of myself."

Dangerford saw it all, and seeing, let his silence stand for an answer. Henceforth, Paul Walldon's greatest effort would be to hold his memory at bay—to prevent its coming—to evade its revelations should it come feebly back. Henceforth he might speculate, since he must do something to keep thought and regret away from him. But, henceforth, so far as any conscious efforts on the part of Paul were concerned, Dangerford was safe.

But—and he did not try to escape from the thought as he sat there and looked at the man who had been made to think himself a murderer—if memory ever did return to Paul, he had fully and finally doomed himself.

Paul's head was bowed down. He did not raise it. There were tears slowly running down his cheeks. He reached out his hand. He took the hand of Ratcliffe Dangerford. He pressed it in silence.

"I—I thought—thought—you were my enemy," he said, brokenly, "and perhaps you are. But I thank you and bless you. Keep the secret of my life from me—do it for the sake of all that is good in me. Give me time to repent the deed I cannot remember. Give me time to live a future which shall redeem my past. But never, never tell me my name, my home, my past. And never, as you love mercy and hope for it, mention this matter to me again!"

(To be continued.)

AN "ALIEN FORCE."

By ELEANOR KIRK.

THE admirable paper on "Hypnotic Moralization," by Rev. William Wilberforce Newton, taken in connection with the various and wonderful experiments in this comparatively new science, must have a tendency to interest intelligent readers, whether skeptics or those who have "a habit of believing." The examples given in the article spoken of are familiar to us all. "Suddenly, some morning, it may be one wakes up and finds that his mind will be fixed, will be intent, upon some distant friend or relative; we think of the person in the house; we see his face in our mind continually. We walk the streets of the city, and in the midst of the city's throng we meet our friend, who greets us in his old, familiar style."

How few there are among us who at one time or another in our lives have not been surprised by such occurrences! Our door-bell rings, and instantly the name of a person floats into our consciousness, perhaps that of an acquaintance whom we have not thought of for months. The summons is answered and our friend appears. But such instances, common as they are, and convincing as they are to many, from a scientific point of view prove nothing. Who can deny that such an experience was not a happening, an accidental hit, a piece of successful guess-work?

But there are more positive examples than those brought forward by Mr. Newton—those that depend for proof of some power beyond our human ken simply upon the veracity of the relator. If we have had such experiences ourselves, or our friends in whom we place implicit confidence, and the phenomena are too strong and defined to admit of being disposed of as happenings, then we are brought face to face with this "alien force," this strange, mysterious something outside of self that moves the will and gives bulk and body to it.

The following story furnishes such unmistakable proof of the existence of this "alien force," that the writer obtained permission to use it for

the benefit of those who seek to know. The lady who passed through this strange experience is well known in literary circles, and the details will be best understood if given in her own language. The subject of hypnotism, spiritualism and magnetism had been under discussion, and the lady spoken of remarked that she could have given a stronger illustration of "hypnotic moralization" than any of those furnished by Mr. Newton. Mrs. B— has four grandchildren who were spending the Summer with her in her cottage by the sea. Two of them—a girl, seven, and a boy, five—are motherless.

"I had been unusually occupied for a couple of days," the lady began, "and had not been able to have the children as much about me as formerly. One afternoon they asked permission to go to the beach, only a short walk from the cottage, and I willingly granted it, thinking by the time they returned I should have finished my task, and was looking forward with keen pleasure to the romps and stories of the early evening. When the children left the house I was utterly alone, the rest of the family having ridden to the town. I took my writing-table to the piazza, and for three-quarters of an hour worked rapidly and happily. But suddenly, and without the slightest premonition, there was a change. A total eclipse of the sun could have produced no more marked effect upon the earth than this 'outer darkness' produced upon me. Only a moment before I had laughed aloud at a grotesque situation I had evolved, but now my eyes were heavy with tears, and I shook from head to foot with an apparently causeless emotion, but one I was powerless to suppress. Never before in my life had such a thing happened me. I am not subject to abrupt changes of mood, and agonized as I was, I felt perfectly sure that the cause of disturbance was a foreign or 'alien force.' After a little the predominant sensation seemed that of yearning grief, that indescribable pity that mothers feel for their children when they are ill or in trouble, and which none but mothers know.

"There was but one thing possible to do—that, to go to the children. Now, I do not claim that this thought was injected into my mind, but I do say that as soon as I had decided to go, the yearning and heartache seemed entirely concentrated on my little grandson, and I was not more sure when I found him that he needed me than I was as I hurried across the meadow to the beach. Well, there was nothing very tragic the matter, but I found the little fellow alone, and weeping bitterly. As I approached I heard him cry, in a tone I shall never forget:

"Oh, mamma! I want you. I have hurt my foot, and I can't walk, I tell you. Come down out of the sky, mamma. Oh, my mamma!"

"The child had started for home, and his sister and little cousins had gone on to gather moss. He had jumped from a boulder and sprained his ankle. The blending of pain, terror and yearning for the mother love in this extremity was heartbreaking to witness. I took him in my arms, and we wept together for the loss of those other arms which would have been of so much more comfort than mine, though Heaven knows mine felt strong and loving enough at that moment to gather in all the motherless little ones in the world."

"What do you think it was?" we asked, in chorus.

"An 'alien force,'" she replied. "Further than that I do not venture."

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF JOHN P. REA, G. A. R.

JUDGE JOHN P. REA, of Minneapolis, who at the recent St. Louis Encampment was elected Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, replacing General Fairchild, is distinguished in his home in the West, but his birthplace is on the Atlantic Slope. He was born in Lower Oxford Township, Chester County, Pa., on October 13th, 1840. He grew up and attended school in his native village, where his father owned a woolen factory. In the Fall of 1860 he went to Piqua, O., to teach school. He enlisted in Company B, 11th Ohio Infantry, at the beginning of the war, served with his regiment four months, and was then commissioned a second-lieutenant of Company I, 1st Ohio Cavalry. Promoted to first-lieutenant March 12th, 1862, he rose in April of the following year to the rank of captain, and then to that of major. He served in the regiment three years and four months, and was absent but ten days—seven as a prisoner and three on sick leave.

After returning from the war, Major Rea entered the Wesleyan College, at Delaware, O., and was graduated in the classical course in June, 1867. During the vacation of 1866 he entered the office of Hon. O. J. Dickey, of Lancaster, Pa., as a law student, and he was admitted to the Bar there in August, 1868. He became associated with Judge Dickey, and in April, 1869, was appointed by President Grant Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Ninth District of Pennsylvania, which office he held until it was abolished by law in 1873. Continuing his law practice in Lancaster until December, 1875, he then removed to Minneapolis, where he became the editor-in-chief of the *Tribune*. In May, 1876, a controlling interest in the *Tribune*, then a morning paper, was purchased by the *Pioneer Press*, and it was converted into an evening paper. Major Rea continued as editor until May, 1877, when he resumed the practice of law and became a member of the firm of Rea, Hooker & Woolley. This firm subsequently became Rea, Woolly & Mitchell, and finally Rea, Mitchell & Shaw.

In November, 1877, Major Rea was elected Judge of Probate, and served for four years. In April, 1886, he was appointed to the bench of the District Court, on the resignation of Judge Koon. Judge Rea has always been prominent in the Grand Army. He joined the Grand Army of the Republic at Piqua, O., in December, 1866, and was a member of the first department encampment of Ohio. He became a charter member of George H. Thomas Post, No. 84, Department of Pennsylvania, October, 1867, and was successively post chaplain, post commander, member of the department council of administration, and one of the Penn-

sylvania delegates to the national encampment in 1872. He was also a member of the commission that erected the soldiers' monument at Lancaster, Pa. Since his removal to Minneapolis, he has been commander of Morgan Post, No. 4, in that department, and senior vice department commander two terms. He was elected senior vice commander-in-chief in 1884 and 1885. He served as captain of Company A, 1st Regiment, Minnesota National Guard, from 1877 to 1882, and was Quartermaster-general of Minnesota from 1883 to 1886, with the rank of brigadier-general. The Judge has excellent reputation as a speaker. He is a Republican, and has taken an active interest in politics.

A ROMANCE OF ROYALTY.

THE extraordinary and romantic story of Mrs. Kent, at present of New York, whose portrait we give on page 141, has recently appeared at some length in the newspapers. It is told in detail by the lady herself, under a thin disguise in the matter of names and localities, in a book of two hundred pages, just published by Belford, Clark & Co., of Chicago and New York. It is a very neat volume, having the external appearance, and to some extent the literary form, of a novel. It is entitled, "Sophia-Adelaide. A Chapter in Contemporaneous History," and is ostensibly "translated from the French." The story it tells is, briefly, to this effect: Prince Albert, Duke of Saxony, Prince of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, before he became the Prince Consort of Victoria of England, fell in love with a noble German lady, the Countess Reuss, to whom he was organically married some time in 1839. Very shortly afterwards came the proposal of the English royal marriage, which Prince Albert, under strong pressure from his father, accepted. Themorganatic marriage was privately set aside, and Prince Albert became the Royal Consort of England. The eldest daughter of Victoria and Albert was born November 21st, 1840. Caroline Louise of Reuss was born November 8th, 1840. The Countess Reuss, in giving up her husband, insisted upon the condition that her daughter must be seated on the steps of the English throne; and this was accomplished by the secret substitution of the child for the Princess Royal. Only the Prince Consort, his friend and brother-in-arms the Count de Lundy, the Countess Reuss and the royal nurse, who made the exchange, knew the secret, and none of them were likely to betray it. It should be said that a week before the birth of the daughter of the Countess of Reuss the Count de Lundy married the Countess. Immediately after the substitution, the pair, with the infant Princess Royal of England, went to France, and resided in Poissy. Three months after the Countess Reuss died. They remained at Poissy until the young Princess was eight years old. Her governess and companion was a Lady Anna Campbell, the widow of an English army officer in the Indian service. The Count de Lundy was supposed to be the child's father, and she was taught to address him as such. The Prince Consort, however, wrote often, and secretly took interest in directing the education of his daughter. On one occasion he visited them at Poissy. To the little girl he was simply her "Uncle Albert."

She was put in a German convent for a while, then traveled with Lady Campbell, who finally came to America, and died in Ohio. The physician who had attended her took the young girl to his home. She remained in his family for a short time, and then went to New Orleans, where lived a family named Pierce, or Price, who were friends of the Count de Lundy. Colonel Pierce unfairly took charge of all the effects left by De Lundy. The girl accordingly left the family, and went to Cincinnati. At this time she had plenty of money, her almoner being Rev. Edward Bouverie, of Coleshill, England. Whenever she needed money she wrote to him, and it was always promptly sent. The Prince Consort had been anxious to have her return to England, but on the advice of friends she refused to go, as she feared being immured for life in a convent.

In Cincinnati she married a lawyer, whose name she now keeps a secret. It was not Kent. Her husband was dissipated, and she was obliged to secure a divorce after a married life of eight years. She then went abroad. This was in 1869. In 1876 Mr. Bouverie died, and her remittances stopped. John Brown, the Queen's body-servant, visited her in Paris, and assured her that he would see that she was provided for. She received money from him through a "Mr. Spenser" twice, the last time in Paris, in 1880. Up to this time she had received through Mr. Bouverie about \$30,000.

After the death of John Brown, "Mrs. Kent" was left penniless. In despair of obtaining recognition from the Queen, she determined to come to this country and publish her story. This, by the assistance of friends abroad, she has been enabled to do. "Mrs. Kent," who is at present living in quiet obscurity in New York city, tells her story soberly and seriously, and while most positive in her affirmations, recognizes herself the slight basis on which the extraordinary superstructure stands. In reply to a question as to certain dates, she confessed her inability to remember or fix them. "You must remember," she said, "that I was brought up in an entirely different way from most children. I was kept in total ignorance of everything. I never saw a newspaper until I came to this country. My only knowledge was from books, and only certain books at that. I was never allowed to speak to any stranger."

"Mrs. Kent's" personal resemblance to Queen Victoria is unquestionably striking, and is only partially indicated in the printed portraits. The infant whom "Mrs. Kent" says took her place as the Queen of England's daughter was named Victoria. She is now the wife of Frederick William, the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany, and, if she outlives Emperor William, will be Empress of Germany.

The following key to the characters and places which figure in the romance of "Sophia-Adelaide" will be useful to the readers of the book: Lady Anna Crawley was Lady Anna Campbell. Gunther was Peter Seidl, of Bavaria. Theresa and Madeline were French servants. The Count de Lenz was the Count de Lundy. Uncle Edward was Prince Albert. Finland is England. Suabia is Bavaria. King Leopold was the late King Maximilian of Bavaria. The Crown Prince William was the late King Ludwig or Louis II. of Bavaria. The Convent of N—B— was the Convent of Nymphenburg, near Munich. The convent in Italy was the Convent of the Ursulines, in Milan. Caroline B—, also Countess of Pl—B—, was Caroline Bauer, the morganatic wife of Leopold, the late King of the Belgians. Colonel Parker was Colonel Pierce, of New Orleans. Dr. Bernard was Dr. Bradbeck, of Dayton, Ohio. Father Hermann was Father Hahn or Hahneman, also of Dayton, Ohio. The Countess de Carolata was the Countess

de Reuss. John B— was John Brown, Queen Victoria's Highland servant. Nerwind Castle is Windsor Castle.

MEN AND ACRES.

EUROPE has 337,000,000 people, according to the report prepared for the International Statistical Congress. This is about five and a half times as many persons as there are in the United States. This population lives upon 6,233,000 square miles of land. But more than half the land in Europe is Russian territory, and Russia has far less than half the people. Russia has 3,423,135 square miles of land, leaving for all other nations but 2,809,815 square miles, and the population of all the nations, exclusive of Russia, is 244,400,000, that of Russia being 93,000,000. If all Europe were peopled as densely as are the non-Russian countries, Europe would have more than eight times the population of the United States. But the whole area of the United States is 3,250,000 square miles, or rather less than the Russian territory, but a good deal larger than the remainder of Europe. Non-Russian Europe, therefore, crowds 244,000,000 of people upon a surface much smaller than that held by our 60,000,000. In all Europe, exclusive of Russia, the average of population to the square mile is 190, and in the United States it is 19. For every loaf of bread that a man gets in Europe there is ten times as much struggling as for a loaf in this country. Bread is dear, therefore, and humanity is cheap, in Europe. Humanity is more highly rated here, and bread is cheaper.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

TEN counties in Iowa have women school superintendents.

THE New York City Board of Education has adopted a resolution providing for the establishment of a system of manual training in six male and female grammar schools.

THE house in which Dr. Samuel Johnson was born and lived for so many years at Lichfield, England, is to be sold. At present it is a draper's shop, and little altered since the ponderous lexicographer lived there.

THE travel over Southern Pacific Railway lines has never before been so heavy as this Fall. Most of the west-bound overland trains now leave Ogden in two and three sections, and a Cook tourist party recently left Chicago in four sections of ten cars each. The railway officials are talking of running two overland trains from the East every day.

ITALY is preparing with great vigor for a campaign in Abyssinia. Her fleet is practically ready, and the first contingent of volunteers has already started. Regular troops will follow immediately. Shipments of provisions and materials of war have been going on all summer, and great stores are now collected at Massowah. A number of flat-bottomed whaleboats have been built and dispatched from Spezzia for landing troops through the surf.

TWO-THIRDS of the Mexican States have voted in favor of an amendment to the Constitution of the republic, authorizing the re-election of the President for a second continuous term, and the amendment is now in the hands of Congress, which will go through the formal proceeding of ratifying it. President Diaz will be the first Executive able to take advantage of the new law, and it was evidently with a view to his securing a second continuous term that the amendment was adopted.

CHICAGO enterprises have recently absorbed \$26,300,000 of Eastern capital, all put into companies operating within the city limits, horse cars, gas companies and transfer yards. It is no wonder that money is "tight," when this sort of thing is going on on a large scale; and Chicago is only a sample of all the West. The railroads built this year will cost about \$350,000,000, and will lead to the issue of fully \$600,000,000 in new securities, the majority of which will pay little or no profit for years to come.

ACCORDING to returns issued by the Board of Trade, 30,955 British emigrants left the United Kingdom during the past month—1,924 more than during September, 1886. Of these, 19,085 were English, being 108 more than in 1886; 4,084 were Scotch, 852 increase; 7,786 were Irish, an increase of 964. During nine months, ending 30th ult., the British emigrants numbered 231,442, or 43,268 more than in corresponding portion of last year. Of these, 169,756 went to the United States, an increase of 163,240 on the numbers for 1886.

THE New York State Agricultural Society is preparing to hold twenty Farmers' Institutes this Winter with the appropriation made by the last Legislature. One-third of the speakers at each Institute—which may include any ladies who may be able to interest and instruct the spectators—are to prepare short articles on such subjects as shall most concern the locality, the industry to be encouraged or discouraged always to be among the topics for discussion. It is claimed the few institutes held last Winter have shown the great power they possess as educational helps in arousing the farmers to a closer study of their pursuit and a more careful watching of their interests.

A MISSIONARY of the American Board stationed at the China Inland Mission writes to the home office of an odd incident. A Chinese mandarin recently gave an entertainment and presented a valuable testimonial to the Christian Hospital, out of gratitude for medical services rendered to his aged father. The son was absent on duty, and the father was cured of a sickness which was supposed to be fatal. On the son's return he had prepared a memorial tablet, eight feet by four, which was suitably inscribed. This was hung from a bamboo pole, and carried by two men, preceded by a band of musicians. As they approached the house big bunches of firecrackers were fired, and the tablet was presented with much ceremony.

FOREIGN reprints, in the Japanese language, though with roman characters, are numerous and cheap in Japan. The engraver—for nearly all reprints are lithographed—often slips up on such puzzling letters as z and g. Nearly all of the standard readers have been reprinted there. One can buy a copy of Macaulay's "Warren Hastings" for less than six cents, and the essay on Bacon and Lord Clive costs no more. Yet these reprints command no very large sale; it is the translations of standard European writers that meet with the approval of the public. A Japanese version of "The Merchant of Venice," with fearful and wonderful illustrations—Shylock in striped pantaloons, and Bassanio smoking a five-cent cigar—may be bought for about eight cents. Bulwer's "Rienzi," "The Last of the Barons," and other such works, have also been translated into the vernacular.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

MR. BELL, the owner of the *Thistle*, has offered that yacht for sale.

THE Spanish Government is about to build six cruisers of 4,500 tons each.

ITALY has entered into an alliance with Austria and Germany on an equal footing with the two empires.

FOURTEEN lives were lost on the night of the 2d inst. by the wreck of the propeller *California* on Lake Michigan.

THE New York *Herald* is now published simultaneously in this city and in Paris, where it is sold for its New York price.

THOUSANDS of mine-workers have left the Lehigh (Pa.) region, scene of the recent strike, and are seeking employment elsewhere.

THE people of Manitoba have been compelled to abandon the proposed railroad to the United States boundary owing to the lack of money.

THERE is continuous fighting in Afghanistan with varying results, and the Russians are reported active on the frontier of Badakshan.

A NEW JERSEYMAN was last week fined \$1,000 for cutting off the beard of a traveling revivalist who had called him a devil, and otherwise abused him.

A DECREE has been issued under the Socialist law declaring Berlin in a minor state of siege, and prohibiting the sale on the streets of special editions of papers.

A FIRST-CLASS modern hotel is to be erected in Washington, some four or five squares from the Capitol. It will be in the Queen Anne style, and known as Lincoln Inn.

THE Western Union Telegraph Company has purchased the Baltimore and Ohio system for the sum of \$5,000,000 of new Western Union stock and \$60,000 a year.

THE Trustees of Columbia College, New York, have created a Chair of Rabbinical Literature for the academic department, and appointed as its professor Dr. Richard Gottheil, son of Rabbi Gottheil of Temple Emmanuel.

THE Irish National League refuses to be suppressed. On Sunday week, the 2d inst., a score of meetings were held in proclaimed districts, the police being baffled in nearly every case in their attempts to discover the place of assembly.

ADVICES from China are to the effect that arrangements have been made for the extension of the Imperial China Telegraph to points which will give a direct telegraphic route from that empire to the Continent of Europe and Great Britain.

RUSSIA agrees to Turkey's proposal to send a joint mission to Bulgaria, but insists that the Russian should be superior to the Turkish commissioner. It is thought that the Porte may yet assent to a Russian interference in Bulgarian affairs.

ADVICES from Madagascar are to the effect that diplomatic relations between the French Resident and the Malagasy Ministry have been severed, and the French Resident has hauled down his official flag and left the capital, returning to Tananarive. The Hova Foreign Minister has been exiled.

THE petitions in favor of amnesty to the condemned Chicago Anarchists are being largely signed throughout the Western States. A subscription in aid of the defense fund has been started in England, and a similar one in this country is expected to realize \$40,000 within a month.

TWENTY-SIX missionaries, several of whom are women, sailed from New York on the 1st inst. for Africa, where they will join Bishop Taylor's party. They carry with them household utensils, agricultural implements, a saw-mill, Bibles, guns and ammunition, and their purpose is to civilize as well as to evangelize the savages. They expect to reach their destination in the interior about the first of the year.

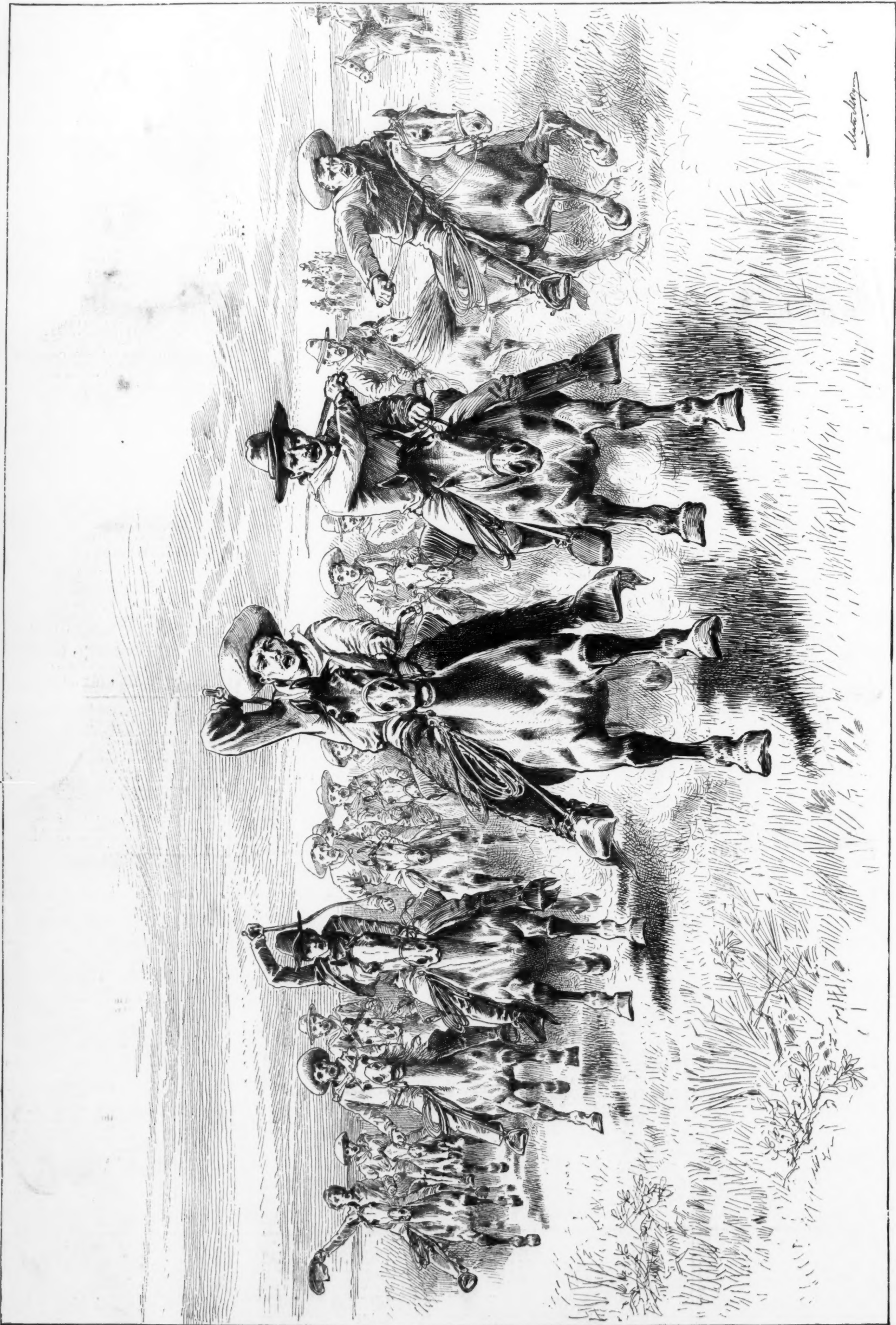
It is said that Bismarck is trying to bring the King of Italy and the Pope into amicable relations. A leading Italian journal says, however, that "accord between the Church and Italy is impossible unless the Church abandons her pretensions." And it adds: "It would be to the advantage of the Papal See, even in its relations with other states, if it could be brought to comprehend the spirit of the age."

THE newly completed Railroad Men's Building, at Madison Avenue and Forty-fifth Street, described and illustrated in this paper, was opened on Monday evening of last week. It is the gift of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for the benefit and enjoyment of persons in the service of the Vanderbilt and other companies that may be entitled from time to time to use the Grand Central Station. Employees who are not members will also be welcomed.

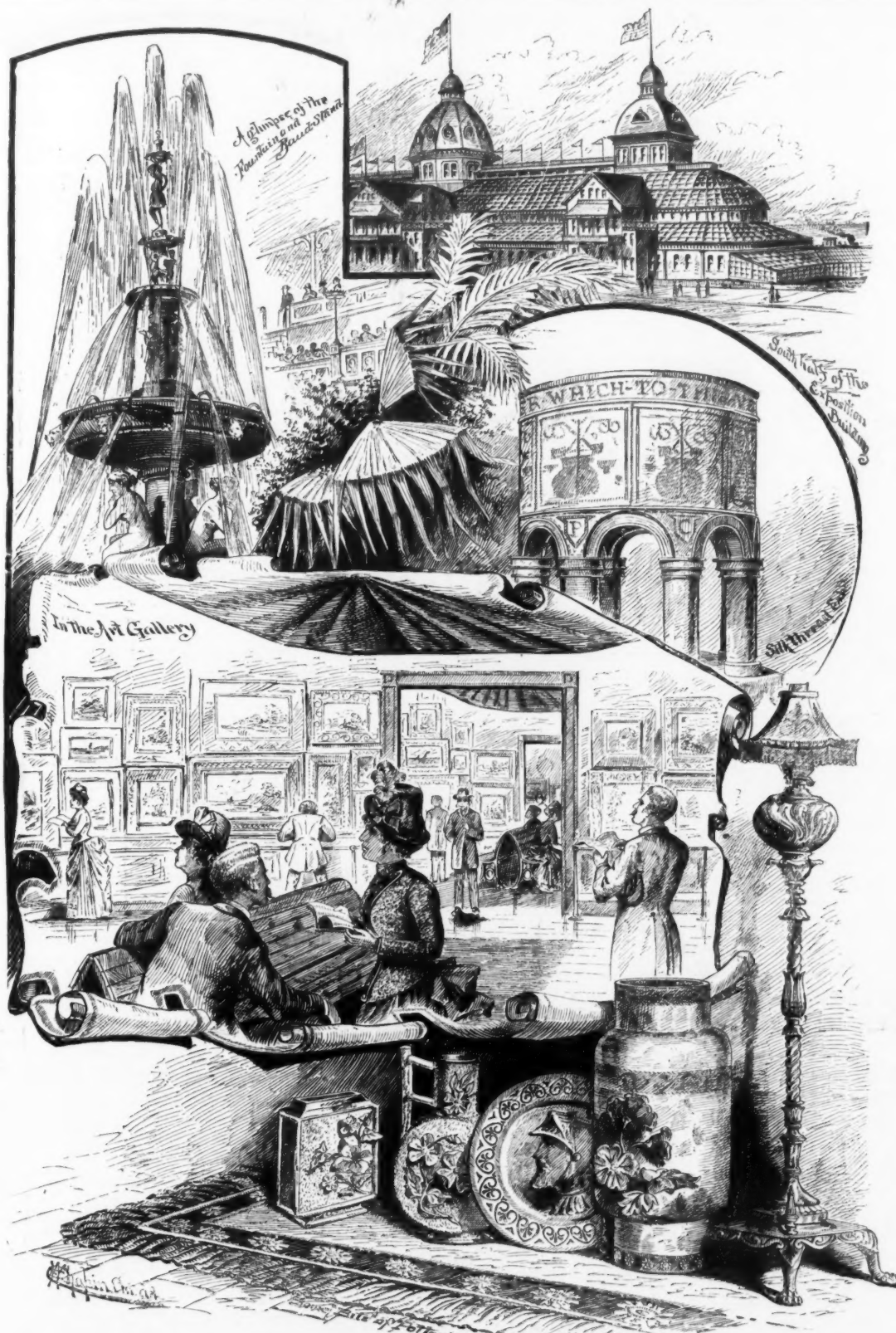
A GENERAL conference of all Evangelical Christians in the United States has been called by some of the most prominent Christian workers in the country. It is to be held in Washington on December 7th, 8th and 9th, under the direction of the Evangelical Alliance for the United States. Its objects will be to discover the perils that threaten the Christian Church, whether they can be met by a hearty co-operation of Evangelical interests, and what are the best means to secure such co-operation.

ADVICES by way of London state that, owing to the protests of Germany and England, the Viceroy of China has withdrawn from his reported arrangement with the Russian Mitkiewicz and a syndicate of capitalists headed by Wharton Barker, of Philadelphia, and has notified the party in interest of the peremptory termination of all negotiations on the subject. Mr. Barton denies the truth of the report, and adds that the arrangement having been officially ratified by the special Chinese envoy now here, it cannot be reeled from.

THE recent Bismarck-Crispi interview resulted in a definite written arrangement between Italy, Germany and Austria. Italy has full power to take independent action on the Mediterranean, and should Italian interests conflict with those of France or Russia, Italy will rely upon the support of Germany and Austria. In a recent interview, Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, said: "Italy only desires to maintain peace and the European equilibrium, and on this account has joined the Austro-German alliance. Italy, like the other Powers, has reason to fear an advance by Russia towards Constantinople, and she could not permit the Mediterranean to become a Russian lake."



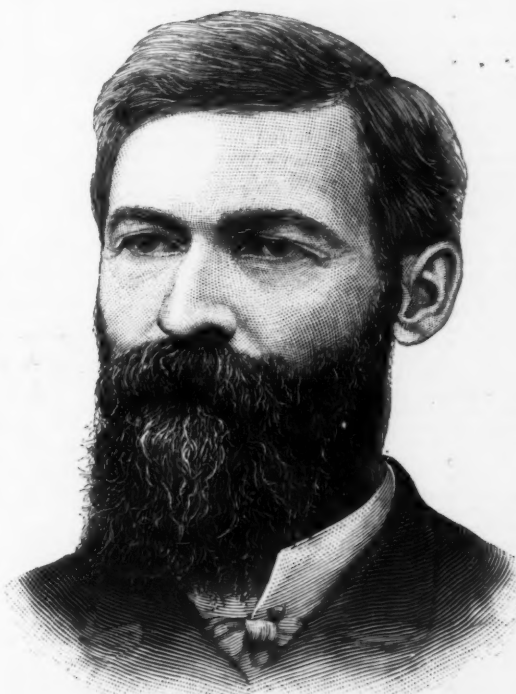
SPORTS ON THE PLAINS.—A COWBOYS' RACE.
FROM A PHOTO. BY C. D. KIRKLAND, OF CHEYENNE.



ILLINOIS.—VIEWS OF THE INTERSTATE INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION NOW IN PROGRESS IN CHICAGO.
FROM A SKETCH BY W. E. CHAPIN.—SEE PAGE 135.



MRS. KENT, "SOPHIA-ADELAIDE," WHO CLAIMS TO BE
THE OLDEST DAUGHTER OF QUEEN VICTORIA.
SEE PAGE 139.



MINNESOTA.—GENERAL JOHN P. REA, COMMANDER-
IN-CHIEF, G. A. R.

PHOTO. BY W. H. JACOBY & SON, MINNEAPOLIS.—SEE PAGE 139.

THE OLDEST HAND FIRE-ENGINE.

IN No. 1,667 of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we gave an illustration of what was claimed to be the oldest hand fire-engine in the United States, which was made in the year 1791, and is, therefore, ninety-six years old. The claim there stated appears to have been erroneous. We give to-day a picture of a hand engine which is seven years older than that then depicted.

In the year 1785 two fire-engines arrived in Salem, N. C., from Europe. One was a large engine on wheels, of which only the irons now remain. The other, as will be seen from our illustration, is a box on legs. It is made of pine one inch thick, and is two feet and two inches long, one foot and seven inches wide, one foot and six inches deep, and two feet and two inches high from the bottom of the legs to the top. It is carried by two staves, which are fastened on the sides, and project one foot beyond the ends of the box. The inside is lined with copper, and is divided into two parts by a board, which is bored full of small holes, and answers for a strainer. The top is covered except on one side, where the water is poured in. The pump is made of brass, and rests on the bottom of the box; the cylinder is one foot and three inches long, and two and five-eighths inches bore. The piston is worked by a stout wooden lever five feet long. The discharge-pipe



NORTH CAROLINA.—THE OLDEST HAND FIRE-ENGINE IN THE UNITED STATES, NOW IN POSSESSION
OF FIRE-ENGINE COMPANY NO. 1, OF SALEM.

stands one foot and six inches above the top of the box. The nozzle is three feet long, and is connected to the discharge-pipe by two joints, so that it may be turned in any direction. The pump will throw a three-eighth inch stream of water to the distance of about fifty feet. The name and date stamped on the discharge-pipe are:

JOHANN. THOMAS.
PUEHLER.
GNADENBERG.
1784.

The engine is, therefore, one hundred and three years old. It is still in good condition, and the Rough and Ready Fire Company, No. 1, of Salem, has been offered \$300 for it, but very properly refuses to sell it at any price.

A COWBOY RACE.

IN the spirited drawing which is reproduced on page 140 we have a glimpse of the real American cowboy, as he is before he goes Buffalo-Billing to "round up" the shaggy of effete civilization. The men of the plains are not quite so gaudy and dashing as they appear in romance, but they are more practical, and considerably tougher. They have among their number some of the best horsemen in the world. A cowboy astride a wiry, scrubby, bucking Indian mustang, that is as wild as the steers it pursues, is a veritable Centaur. In slack seasons, the "boys" often improvise a wild

"go-as-you-please" race, over the prairie, which would outrange the canons of the sporting turf. It is, nevertheless, a most exciting and picturesque scramble, for every man in it is a master of his profession, and can, while riding at full speed, with a good lariat, drop a thousand-pound steer at thirty or forty feet as easily as with a rifle-bullet.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

DOMESTIC.

YELLOW-FEVER has appeared at Tampa, Florida, but the health authorities here to be able to prevent its spread.

DENNIS KEARNEY, the Pacific Coast agitator, is coming to New York to support the Democratic ticket in the State campaign.

The Prohibitionists of Tennessee will meet in State Convention, on the 9th proximo, to take action with reference to temperance legislation.

ONLY four Canadian cruisers will continue in the fisheries protection service after the 10th inst., the rest being withdrawn from commission for the remainder of the season.

JUDGE BOND has given a decision in the United States District Court at Richmond, Va., the effect of which is to prevent the State's officers from suing and obtaining judgments against parties who have tendered coupons for their taxes.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company is about to arrange for the building of three powerful steamers to run on the Pacific Ocean between Vancouver, China and Japan. They hope to be able, when their vessels are built, to carry passengers from London to Yokohama in twenty-four days.

AGENTS of a British syndicate in O'Brien County, Iowa, are evicting settlers upon lands claimed by their syndicate. The statement is made that about a hundred families have been evicted, and that the rest will be removed in November. Numerous details of brutality and harshness in the August evictions are furnished. Many families are said to be living on the public highway with nothing but tents made out of scanty bed-sheeting to shield them from the inclemencies of the season.

The annual session of the General Assembly of the Knights of Labor opened at Minneapolis, Minn., on Monday of last week. About 550 delegates were present. General Master Workman Powderly's address on "The World as Knighthood Would Make It," in which he gave his characteristic views on immigration and intemperance, was received with enthusiasm. The week was mostly spent in the preliminary work of the Convention, and the reports of the General Secretary and the Executive Board were heard on Friday. According to General Secretary Litchman's report, the number of members reported in good standing at the Richmond session last October was 702,924, and the number of members in arrears 26,753. This made the apparent membership of the Order, as then reported, 729,677. In spite of all the opposition since the Richmond Convention, the total number of members reported in good standing on July 1st is, in round numbers, 485,000. Add to this nearly 50,000 who are in arrears, and the membership of the Order would be 535,000 July 1st, 1887. At the present writing the two opposing factions are still holding caucuses. A fight seems imminent over the new Constitution, which will be bitterly opposed by the "antis." The subject of trades union ascendancy will be another bone of contention. It would appear from such information as has been gleaned that Powderly's supporters far outnumber his opponents in the Convention.

FOREIGN.

It is rumored that Lord Salisbury, the Prime Minister, will soon visit Prince Bismarck.

The Nautical Society of Hamburg has offered a prize of 500 marks for the best essay on the subject of calming the sea by the use of oil.

The German Government has paid \$12,500 as indemnity to the family of the gamekeeper who was recently shot dead on the Franco-German frontier.

The Sultan of Morocco is dead, and his sixteen-year-old son has assumed the Government, with his favorite uncle as Grand Vizier. All the Powers will send men-of-war to Morocco to protect their respective subjects there.

The inquest in the case of the victims of the shooting by the police at Mitchellstown, Ireland, has developed facts in every way creditable to the Government. One of its principal witnesses confessed that he was a murderer.

THE RAPID GROWTH OF DAKOTA.

The Chicago News gives these figures illustrative of the great growth of Dakota:

Assessed valuation in 1879.....	\$16,207,096
Assessed valuation in 1880.....	30,321,530
Assessed valuation in 1881.....	32,055,288
Assessed valuation in 1882.....	47,701,478
Assessed valuation in 1883.....	68,044,812
Assessed valuation in 1884.....	85,881,484
Assessed valuation in 1885.....	106,499,550
Assessed valuation in 1886.....	132,542,733
Assessed valuation in 1887.....	157,084,395

In 1883 Dakota produced 945 bushels of wheat. In 1870 the yield had grown to 170,662 bushels. In 1883 the yield was 2,830,289 bushels. During the next five years great development was had, and in 1885 the yield was 39,166,413 bushels. It is estimated that 50,000,000 bushels will be produced this year, or more than one-tenth of the entire wheat crop of the United States in 1886.

THE LONDON POOR.

The intelligent London correspondent of the New York Sun writes that poverty, want and misery are fast increasing in that metropolis as cold weather approaches, and will furnish thousands of followers to every man who heads a protest of any sort against the want of bread and shelter. Describing the scenes at Trafalgar Square at night, he says: "Despite the rain and cold, shivering wretches continue to cover the stones of the square every night, and the place has recently become a resort for the curious gay young bucks. After dining out in the Strand, they pass by there to throw down a few coppers and to brighten, perhaps, the appreciation of their own blessings by a glimpse at the extreme of misery. Travelers also, especially Americans, who fill the huge hotels about the square, visit the place regularly as one of the

sights of London. I talked with an American lady who went there at night with some friends, and was frightened into hysterics within a few moments. She is a charitable young married woman, and in a moment of sympathy she handed a coin to a poor man. In a second she said the entire pavement seemed to rise up and come rushing at her. She had not noticed that the whole surface of the square was covered with stretched-out men and women, many of them almost half naked, of whom a half-hundred had crushed and struggled round her in hope of charity. Fortunately the policemen who are regularly on duty there came running up, and no serious result followed the imprudence of displaying money in such company.

"Mr. George Matthews, another American, went with his bride to see if it was as bad as it had been described. The first group he came upon on the outskirts of the camp was a woman lying asleep on the bare stones with a young baby in her arms, while a man walked up and down beside her muttering and cursing to himself. These were respectable-looking people, Matthews says, though half clothed, and probably starving. He gave the man some silver, and waking the woman and taking the child in his arms, the man said, 'Thank you; you are extremely kind,' told his wife to thank the lady, and started, actually running to a stand near, where hot coffee, bread, butter, etc., could be bought for a few pence. Matthews did not care to have his wife see anything more, and stopped his investigations.

"For several days past a large number of the poor people have continued throughout the day in the square, after having spent the night there. Hundreds of them are to be seen there now all day long. What they eat and how they live is a mystery. Policemen are regularly detailed to patrol what has become the recognized camping-ground of poverty. The inhabitants of the camp are made to keep close to the high stone wall bounding the Pall Mall side of the square. From Pall Mall hundreds of spectators look down all day long at the curious sights—women stretched at full length sleeping in their rags, and men quarreling over the tobacco or copper occasionally thrown down."

A COMPLETE NEWSPAPER DIRECTORY.

N. W. AYER & SON'S AMERICAN NEWSPAPER ANNUAL for 1887 is larger, and in some respects better, than any of its predecessors. In addition to complete and accurate information concerning all of the 15,000 periodicals of the United States and Canada, the name of the editor and publishers of each and street address in all cities exceeding 50,000 population, are given, together with a careful list of the various press and editorial associations, with their officers, of both countries. The book is a portly volume of nearly 1200 large octavo pages, and covers a very wide range of useful statistical, commercial, political and industrial information. Not only in newspaper offices, but in libraries, reading rooms, and all other places where standard works of reference are required, will the Annual be found useful and indispensable. The information is compiled with care from late and authentic sources, and probably surpasses, in thoroughness, freshness and accuracy, any other collection. The Annual has long done credit to its publishers, and the latest does the most of all.

FUN.

It is rumored that General Paine is about to write his yachtography.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A newspaper poet desires to know "Where are the girls of the past?" Bringing up the girls of the future, don't you think?

An Iowa inventor has devised an auger that will bore a square hole. What is wanted now is a card-sharp that will make a square deal.—Lowell Citizen.

ASTHMA.

A young man taken down with asthma was very much frightened, and went to the best physician in the place and stated his symptoms, and in great suspense awaited the response. After several questions the answer was: "Long life and ill health. Your disease is asthma." To the first clause of the physician's answer comforted the young man, who feared death was near. But the second clause, given after waiting a little while, depressed his spirits to nearly as low a point as he had reached when he had entered the doctor's office. This consultation was held before the discovery of our Compound Oxygen. By its use multitudes of sufferers from asthma have been cured. A monograph giving reports of cases of asthma, and our brochure, "Compound Oxygen—Its Mode of Action and Results," of two hundred pages, can be had free on application either in person or at our office. Address DR. STANLEY & PALEN, No. 1329 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

COUNTRYMAN (to dentist)—"I wouldn't pay nothing extra for gas. Jest yank her out if it does hurt." Dentist—"You are plucky, sir. Let me see the tooth." Countryman—"Oh, 'tain't me that's got the toothache; it's my wife. She'll be here in a minute."—Troy Telegram.

New York, December 11th, 1884.

This is to certify that, under God, I am indebted to my dear friend, Dr. Dunn, for adding years and effectiveness, as I believe, to my life, by taking out of my mouth a rubber plate, and putting in its stead one of fine, clean porcelain.

Respectfully submitted of my own good-will for the benefit of the wearers of rubber plates in their mouths. WM. TAYLOR, Bishop of Africa.

In this specialty, Dr. WILLIAM E. DUNN, of 331 Lexington Avenue, has, during the last thirty years, put in use 3,000 plates, giving to his patrons entire satisfaction. The improvements he has made within the past two years place it in a position above all other kinds of Dentistry.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS do not only distinguish themselves by their flavor and aromatic odor above all others generally used, but they are also a sure preventive for all diseases originating from the digestive organs. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINDLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER TROUBLES.

A FAMOUS physician, many years ago, formulated a preparation which effected remarkable cures of liver diseases, bile, indigestion, etc., and from a small beginning there arose a large demand and sale for it, which has ever increased until, after generations have passed, its popularity has become world-wide. The name of this celebrated remedy is COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS.

To such traveled Americans as have become acquainted with the great merits of these Pills (so unlike any others), and who have ever since resorted to their use in cases of need, commendation is unnecessary. But to those who have not used them and have no knowledge of their wonderful virtues, we now invite attention.

The use of these Pills in the United States is already large. Their virtues have never varied, and will stand the test of any climate. They are advertised—not in a flagrant manner, but modestly; for the great praise bestowed upon them by high authorities renders it unnecessary, even distasteful, to extol their merits beyond plain, unvarnished statements.

Persons afflicted with indigestion or any bilious or liver trouble, should bear in mind "COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS," and should ask for them of their druggist, and if he has not got them, insist that he should order them, especially for themselves, of any wholesale dealer, of whom they can be had. JAMES COCKLE & CO., 4 Great Ormond Street, London, W. C., are the proprietors.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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CUTICURA, the great SKIN CURE, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, invariably succeed when all other remedies and the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers, free from poisonous ingredients.

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Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 6 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

THE TOY the child likes best! This is the title of a descriptive Price-List, richly illustrated in color print, of the Anchor Stone Building Box, which should be found in every family, and may be obtained from all Toy dealers, Stationers, and Educational Depots. The Price-List will be forwarded gratis on application to F. AD. RICHTER & CO., NEW YORK, 310 BROADWAY, or LONDON, E. C. 1, RAILWAY PLACE, FENCHURCH STREET.

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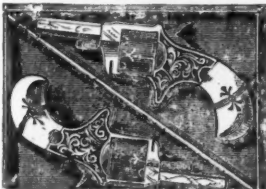
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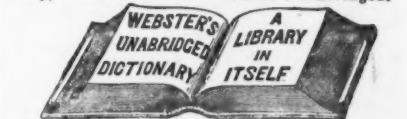
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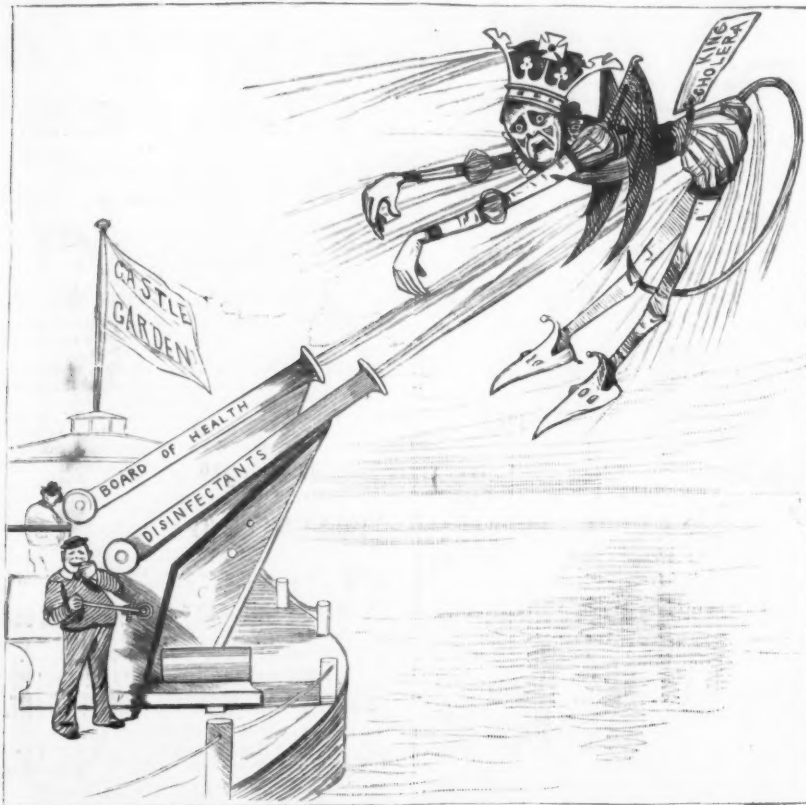
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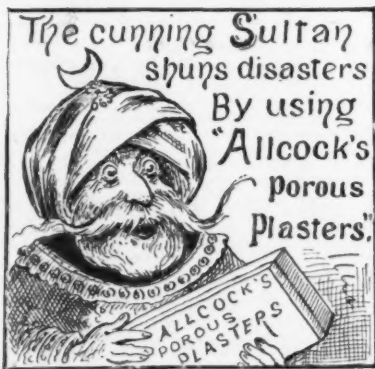
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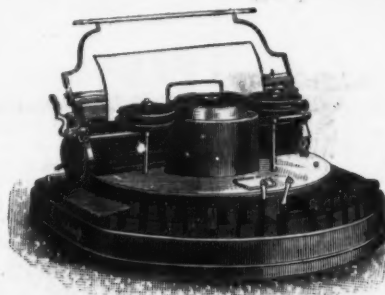
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